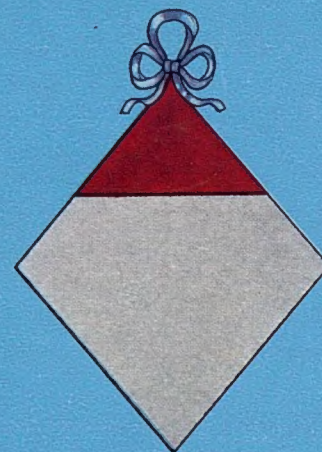
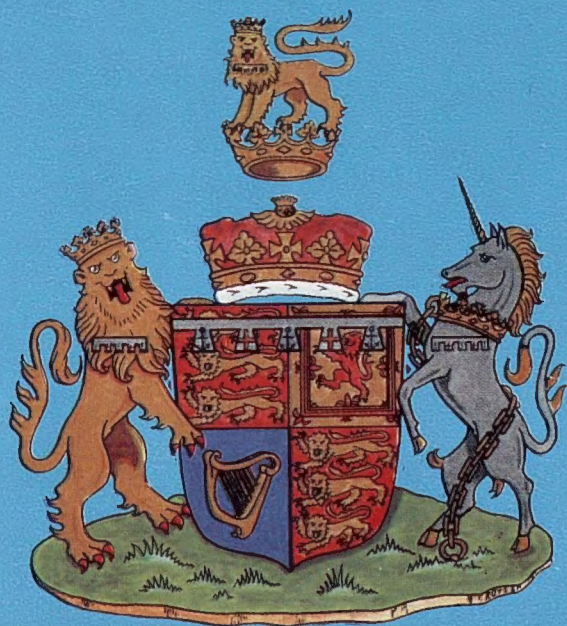


THE Tatler

ROYAL WEDDING SOUVENIR

& Bystander 2s. weekly 14 June 1961





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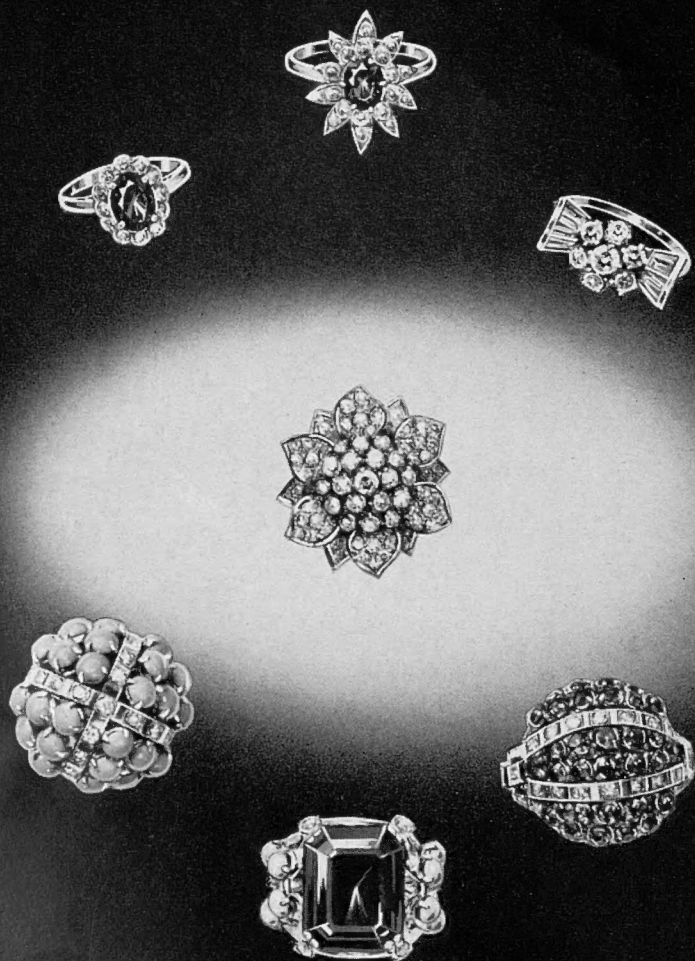
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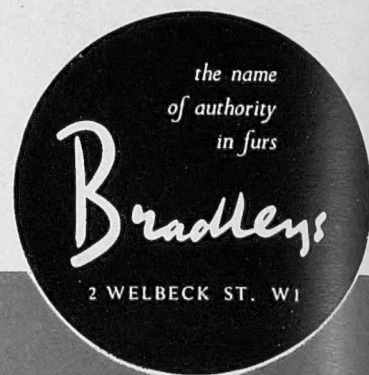
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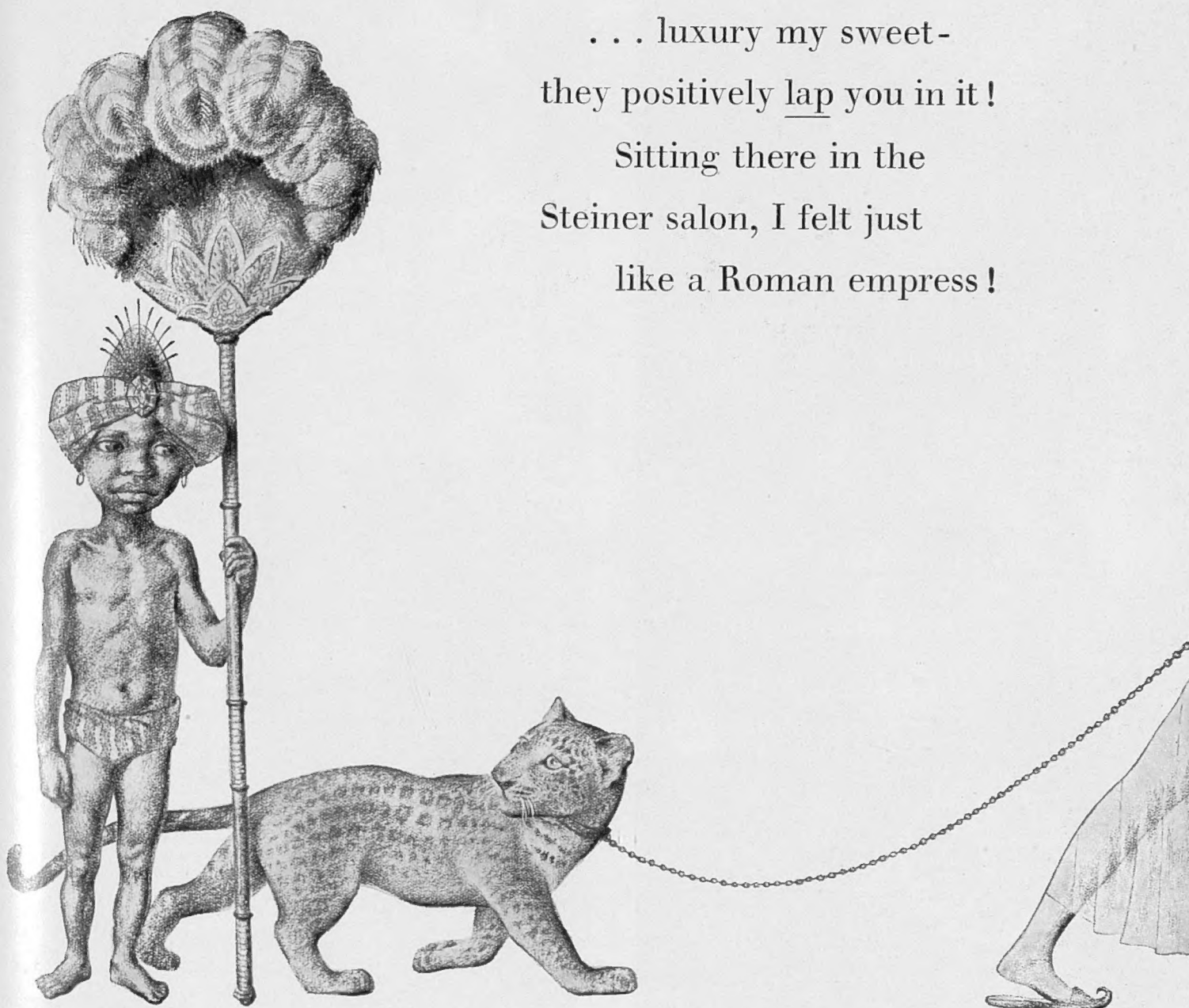
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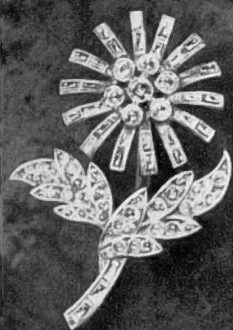
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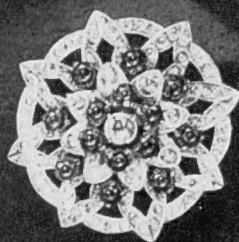
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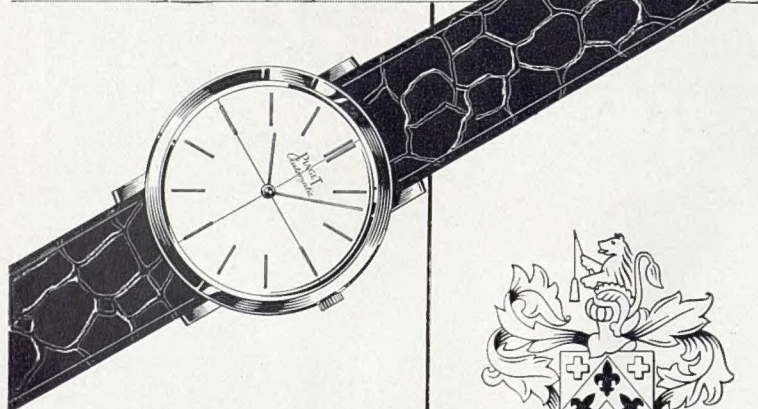
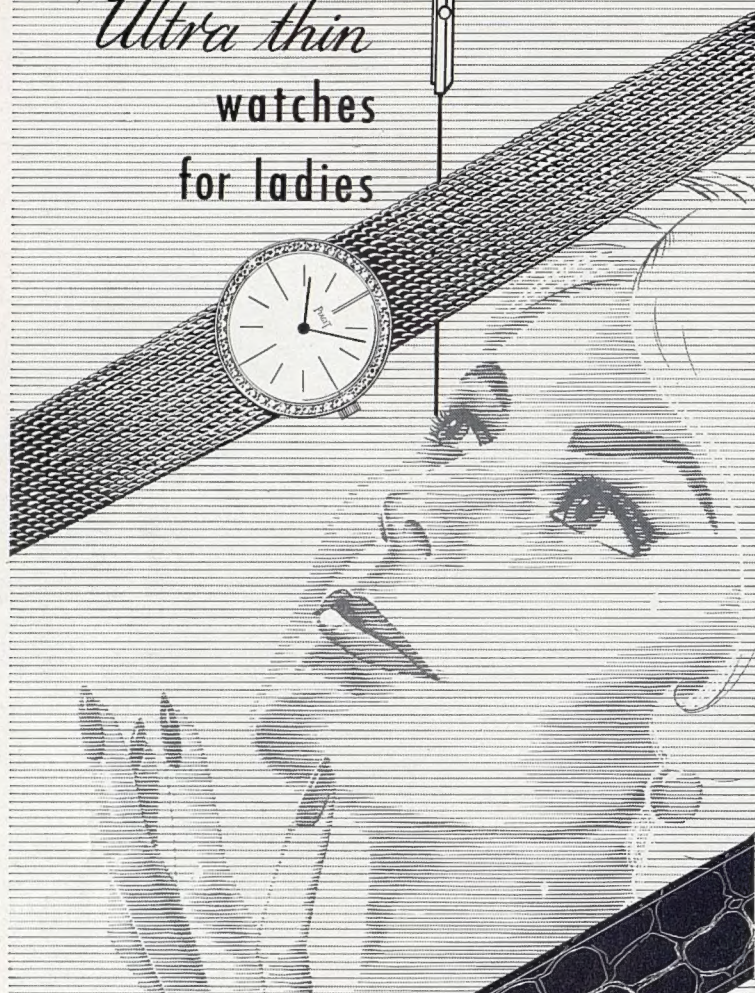
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXL Number 3120

14 JUNE 1961

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ROYAL WEDDING SOUVENIR ISSUE

THIS week The Tatler goes to the wedding of the Duke of Kent and Miss Katharine Worsley at York. Muriel Bowen describes the ceremony and records her impressions of the historic scene inside York Minster in a special report (page 632) and an eight-page photographic supplement of the first Royal wedding at York for more than 600 years begins on page 629. The tradition of marriage into Continental royal families was a Hanoverian innovation, according to Hector Bolitho, who contributes a reflective article on monarchy and marriage. See *Queen Victoria changed all that* (page 637). What to wear at a Royal wedding? Duthy sketches the choice of five distinguished guests (page 638). Britain's Royal Family is probably the most-photographed in the world which makes it easy to record the life of the Duke of Kent in a picture flashback called *The young family at Coppins* (page 640). Good Looks takes up the theme with honeymoon packaways, see *An open & shut case* (page 662) and fashion has a royal connection too. Michael Boys took this week's pictures at Warners silk factory in Braintree where Coronation robes have been made by generations of handweavers. *Whenas in silks* (page 649) also marks the opening of the International Silk Congress in London this month. After so much of weddings and journeys a good many people may be thinking wistfully of a quiet cottage in the country. Novelist H. E. Bates has one at Little Chart in Kent but with him the country serves as a stimulus to work. With the success of his latest book of short stories *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal* he has now reached a major decision affecting his future career as a writer. See *High summer of a wordsmith* (page 646) . . .

The cover:



The colour photographs of the Duke of Kent and Miss Katharine Worsley were taken by Cecil Beaton at Kensington Palace. Their respective coats of arms were executed by Mr. Maxwell Royle. The contrast in ornateness between the two coats of arms is due to the fact that the rules of heraldry allow no mottoes, mantling, crests or other trimmings to women except in the case of unmarried ones who are entitled to the optional addition of the knot of ribbon here included

Next week: Plastics that beat prejudice. . . . Fresh tips for taxi men

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Royal Ascot Meeting, to 16 June.
Guards Boat Club Ascot Ball, Maidenhead, tonight.

May Balls at Cambridge, (tonight) Magdalene.

Summer & Commem. Balls at Oxford, (16 June), Hertford, Queen's; (19 June) Balliol, Trinity & St. John's; (20 June), University, Magdalen.

Gala Performance of "Bye Bye Birdie", 16 June, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in aid of the Hospital of St. John & St. Elizabeth. (Tickets from Miss I. Edwards, 2a Trebeck St., W.1.)

British-American Ball, the Dorchester, 20 June. (Tickets £3 3s. from Miss Frances Murphy, 29 Lissenden Mans., Lissenden Gdns., N.W.5. GUL 4352.)

RACE MEETINGS

Ripon, 14; Ascot Heath, Chepstow, Hamilton Park, Thirsk, 17; Stockton, 19; Birmingham, Folkestone, 19, 20; Catterick Bridge, 21; Windsor, Yarmouth, 21, 22 June.

CRICKET

Australians v. Leicestershire, Leicesters, to 16; Kent, 17, 19, 20 June.

M.C.C. v. Oxford University, Lord's, to 16 June.

Second Test Match, England v. Australia, Lord's, 22-27 June.

YACHTING

International Clyde Fortnight, 17 June-1 July.

GOLF

British Amateur Championship, Turnberry, Ayrshire, to 17 June.

Scottish Ladies' Amateur Championship, St. Andrew's, 19-23 June.

POLO

Ascot Week Tournament, Smith's Lawn, Windsor, to 18 June.

MUSIC

Covent Garden Opera. Last performances of season. *Peter Grimes*, tonight; *Madama Butterfly*, 16 June; *Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci*, 15, 17 June. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

House, nr. Midhurst, 7.30 p.m., 17 June. (MAY 5091.)

Leningrad State Kirov Ballet, at Covent Garden. *The Stone Flower*, 7.30 p.m., 19-22 June.

Lakeside Concert, Kenwood, Hampstead. London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Massimo Freccia, 8 p.m., 17 June.

ART

Summer Exhibition, Royal Academy, Burlington House.

Jackson Pollock, Marlborough Gallery, Old Bond Street.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 657.

King Kong. "... a piece of naïve but vital indigenous art put across with a most endearing vigour. ..." Nathan Middledle, Peggy Phango, Joe Mogotsi. (Princes Theatre, TEM 6596.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 657.

G.R. = General Release
A Raisin In the Sun. "... splendidly



Royal Festival Hall. New jazz music & poetry by the Johnnie Scott & Michael Garrick Quartets, with guest readers, 7.45 p.m., 15 June; B.B.C. light music festival (3rd concert), 7.30 p.m., 17 June; Mr. Acker Bilk's Paramount Jazz Band, 3 p.m., 18 June; Claudio Arrau with the London Philharmonic Orchestra in Schumann, Liszt & Brahms concertos, 8 p.m., 20 June. (WAT 3191.)

Country house concert. Petworth

Chagall Exhibition, O'Hana Gallery, Carlos Place, W.1.

FAIR

4th Antiquarian Book Fair, National Book League, Albemarle St., to 21.

FIRST NIGHTS

Westminster. *The Bad Soldier Smith*, tonight.

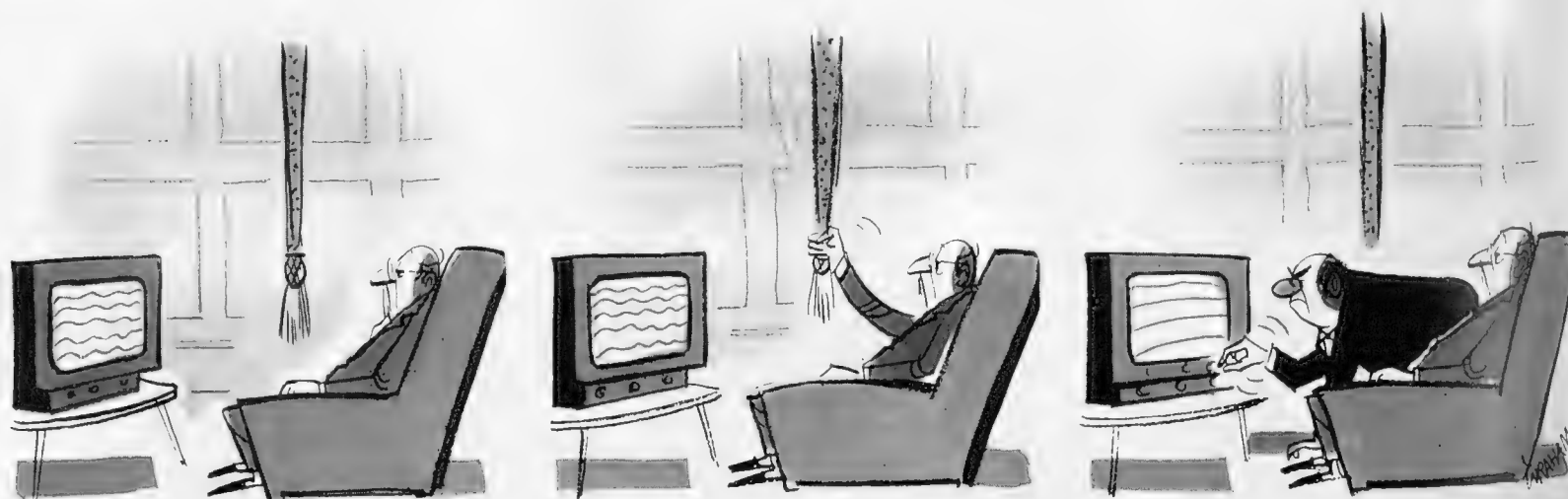
Her Majesty's. *Bye Bye Birdie*, tomorrow.

Lyric, Hammersmith. *On The Avenue*, 16 June.

Susannah York, one of Britain's brightest film talents, returns to television on Sunday night, in ABC's *Armchair Theatre* production of Dario Nicodemi's romantic comedy *Duel for Love*, adapted from the Italian by Robert Rietty. Alan Bates co-stars with her

acted, uplifting story of human hopes and aspirations. ... G.R.

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GOING PLACES LATE

Introducing Sir Harry

Douglas Sutherland

THERE MUST BE FEW ENGLISH OR American visitors to Paris who have not at some time or other taken the advice of the newspaper advertisement: "Just tell the cab driver Sank Roo Doe Noo"—and so visited Harry's Bar at 5 rue Daunou. Latest news on the London front is that we are now to have our own **Harry's Bar** in Mayfair at Dees Set Roo Artford—or 17 Hertford Street to you.

Man behind the news is one of the brightest new names in London catering, Czech-born Jaromir Vydra. A prosperous restaurateur in Prague, Jerry got fed up with political kitchen porters telling him how to run his business and lit out for London. Armed with the naïve belief that there is a public looking for first-class food at reasonable prices, he started all over again and in a few years has proved his point. Already his **Copper Grill** in Wigmore Street has become a Mecca for gastronomes and his new Harry's Bar, rechristened Sir Harry's in honour of the occasion, should confirm the point.

A believer in giving solid value for

money he also believes in what he calls "gimmicks to bring in the customers." He mentioned two in particular—a free sherry before a meal and liqueurs at sixpence a glass afterwards, both of which seemed pretty sound "gimmicks" to me.

Sir Harry's will be decorated in period style with panelling brought from Earl Cadogan's old house in Lowndes Square for the dining-room walls. Waiters will be in period costume and every effort made to give an authentic background to the serving of the finest of the traditional English dishes. The *table d'hôte* menu will be 25 shillings and, delicate Continental touch, the menus handed to lady guests will not show the price.

The bar restaurant will be open for luncheon and until 2.30 a.m. in the evening with dancing. Bryan Morris is coming over from Les Ambassadeurs to manage the new venture. With an eye on the vast new Hilton Hotel now shooting skywards over the road Jerry says, "I am unashamedly going all out to attract Americans and overseas visitors to a traditionally English

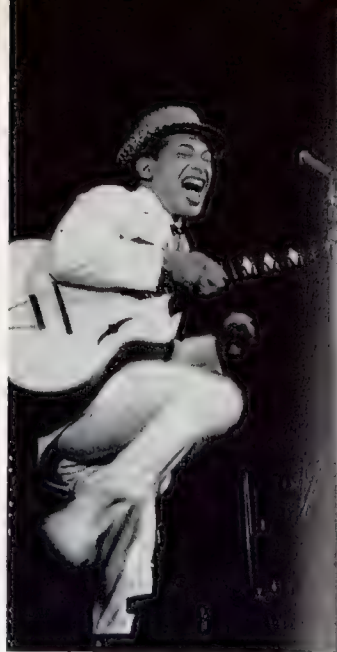
rendezvous." I reckon that if he sticks to his formula they are going to have quite a job fighting their way in for the natives.

Club which may take on a new role shortly is the **Galleon** in Tothill Street. This has long been quietly building a big reputation among businessmen and Members of Parliament around Victoria and Westminster. Swiss chef Speis, for many years at the St. James's Club, is responsible for an exceptionally fine menu and *maitre* Victor Ramasauer has taken advantage of their recent move to the new premises to create an atmosphere of leisured efficiency comparable with the best that Pall Mall and St. James's Street have to offer.

Now that St. Stephen's Club is moving out of hailing distance of the Houses of Parliament, the Galleon Club is considering asking for a Division bell to be installed for the convenience of M.P. members. Main difficulty with this club that has prospered by putting the comfort of members as the first consideration is that the membership list is almost full. A sudden influx of M.P.s wanting to take advantage of the new facility might prove embarrassing.

Cabaret calendar

Society (REG 0565) *Jan Mearl*, American singer and varied bill
Colony (MAY 1657) *Hutch*
Talk of the Town (REG 5051)



Henri Salvador, the French mime, appears in cabaret at the Savoy this week for a limited season

Sophie Tucker and the Ten O'Clock Follies

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Patti Page*
Winston's Club (REG 5411) *Danny La Rue* produces and stars in a show, *This is Yournightlife*
Hungaria (WHI 4222) *Shani Wallis*
Blue Angel (MAY 1443) *Hutch*, and *Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeve*
Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Harriet Evans*, coloured entertainers
Embassy (HYD 5275) *The Maoi Ili-Fi* singers, dancers and acrobats from New Zealand
Astor (GRO 3181) *Lovelace Watkins*, American singer with supporting bill

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Forget that nagging pain

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

The London Steak House, Baker Street (northern end). (WEL 1932.) Weekdays 12.30 p.m. to 3 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sundays 6.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. Here you can have a good dinner, a bottle of sound wine, and go home without that ghastly nagging pain in the part of your body next to your wallet. *Pâté maison* (and good too) is 3s. 6d., soup 1s. 6d., a steak from 6s. 3d. to 12s. 9d. Service, as in all Lyons establishments, is immaculate. Look with care at the wine list. It contains a Château Pontet Canet Pauillac 1952 for £1 and a Gevrey Chambertin Clos de la Justice 1952 for £1 1s. W.B.

Chez Vatel, 1 Old Brompton Road (opposite S. Kensington station). C.S. (KEN 3888.) The name is French but the cooking is Italian. For 12s. 6d. I had an admirable three-course dinner. *Pâté* with fresh-made toast, a piping hot Lasagne, and a well-conditioned

Italian cheese. I could have had fruit or *patisserie*. The restaurant is small, but airy and pleasantly got up, and the waiting good. Altogether jolly good value for money. Fully licensed.

The Marquis, Mount Street. (GRO 1256.) C.S. Here director Fiori has created an elegant atmosphere with a skilful combination of brown velvet banquettes, dark green curtains, and polished wood tables and walls. The cooking is basically Italian, and the *artichokes vinaigrette* are particularly good. There is a full licence with wine by the glass or bottle. Quick and friendly service. W.B.

The Edwardian, 8 Harriet Street, Lowndes Square. (BEL 3969.) C.S. One of London's newest small restaurants, and one of the most sumptuous. Supervised by Jacques Lestrade, it has been designed to make pretty women look their best. The food is rich, with veal and hot lobster among the specialities, and all is of a high standard. Naturally, it is not cheap. Dinner, with wine,

costs about 35s. to 40s. per head. Licensed to midnight. W.B.

Cordon Rouge, 11 Sloane Street (top end). (SLO 2891.) Quite new, but my guess is that soon it will be a case of W.B. My first meal in it was an avocado pear filled with crab and a French dressing, roast duck with a special piquant orange sauce, and Gorgonzola cheese of high quality. The restaurant is of medium size, the décor modern, but restful, the service good. Allow about 12s. 6d. for the main dish or 25s. for a good meal.

Genevieve, 13 Thayer Street. C.S., W.B. (WEL 5023 or HUN 2244.) "*Restaurant Français*" is the claim made by patrons Joseph and Martin, and it is fully justified. It provides some of the best French cooking to be found in London today. *Terrines* are a speciality; like the onion soup they are excellent. Main dishes cost from about 9s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. Wines are moderate in price. Surroundings are pleasant, with vintage cars as the motif, and service is swift and friendly. Don't expect to get a table without booking.

Chops & changes

Overtons have bought Hatchetts in Piccadilly, one of London's oldest restaurants and the former site of the White Horse Cellars, the starting place of the Brighton stage

coach. The name will not disappear but the restaurants and bars will be re-designed. Re-opening is planned for July.

At long last it seems that Stone's Chop House, the famous establishment in Panton Street destroyed by a German bomb, will be rebuilt by the Savoy group. It will be splendid if they can re-create the original atmosphere.

Tea on the island

The Essex Tea Gardens, Godshill, I.O.W. A small but charming garden. Home-made scones and jam with whipped cream. Tomato and cucumber sandwiches as they should be. But that is not all. The island produces some of the best strawberries and cream in the world, and those served at the Essex prove that claim.

Wine note

Jura wines are not well enough known in Britain, and difficult to find in France, but they make pleasant summer drinking. The De Vere Hotel now has three of them in its list. They are Vin Jaune Arbois 1949, Arbois rosé 1949 and Château Chalon 1949. I like the Chalon as an aperitif. With these wines the De Vere serves a speciality dish, *Poulet Vin Jaune et Morilles*.

Kettner's Wine Shop has several Jura wines in its list from 9s. 6d. upwards, but the 1949 Château Chalon costs 32s.

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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Holidays with play

Doone Beal

THE UNLIKELIEST PLACE IN WHICH I have ever played golf was Antigua, in the West Indies. I remember a dewy, delectable game in the cool of the evening, wearing open sandals, on a course where the fairways were almost indistinguishable from the greens. To me, golf has always been a game to play *at*; I've never been exactly earnest about it. But though I am not one to hack my way in thick shoes and thicker skirts round the more Spartan of the British courses, the sight of one in a foreign country is one of the few concessions to the Anglo-Saxon way of life that I actually welcome.

A golf course can redeem a resort when the weather turns too sour to swim. It makes a purposeful—and salubrious—alternative to café-crawling and idle shopping if one holidays either very early or very late in the season, when lying on the beach is only a midday pastime.

The best golf courses on the Continent are, naturally, those which cater for a big Anglo-American clientele; the spa towns, and resorts like Estoril, Monte Carlo and Le Touquet. Estoril is one of the most beautiful courses in Europe, all rolling green-velvet grass and fairways lined with bushes of lilac and mimosa. So, too, is Montreux, high above Monte Carlo and with such a view into the serried

foothills of the Alps that one all but forgets the game altogether. However, Prince Pierre, father of Prince Rainier, takes it more seriously than that in his capacity of President. Vast amounts of money have recently been spent in building a dam to irrigate the course in summer, and two new long holes have been landscaped.

Down to specifics, in **France**: There is a delightful course at Mougins, just above Cannes, and motor buses from Cannes to the links; also at La Napoule, 10 minutes away from Cannes; at Dinard (connecting bus), and Deauville; at la Baule, in Brittany, Megève, in the Alps—a summer course only—Pau, in the Bas-Pyrenees, and St. Jean de Luz. The spa towns of Evian, Vittel and Aix Les Bains all have 18-hole courses and a useful alternative to the one at le Touquet is the course at Hargreaves. Near Paris, there are courses at Fontainebleau, St. Germain and St. Cloud. Usual visitors' fees in France are just over £1 a day, double at weekends.

Italy: The summer season at Cortina is as much favoured by British visitors as the winter one; it is well equipped for sports of all kinds, and the golf course backing on to the Miramonte hotel is a particularly pleasant one. Hotel guests have a special rate, otherwise

the green fees are about 10s. a day. In the Italian lakes you can play at Villa D'Este, on Lake Como, or at Menaggio; at Stresa, on Lake Maggiore. And on the Riviera, at Rapallo and San Remo. There are courses outside Florence, Milan and Turin, and a lovely one near Rome, the Circolo del Golf di Roma, on Via Appia Nuova.

Belgium: The courses at Knokke-le-Zoute are almost as famous as their casinos; in addition, you can play at Ostend, Ghent, Dinant, and Antwerp. Near Brussels, the Royal Golf Club de Belgique has a nine and an 18-hole course, which one can reach by electric tram from Parc du Cinquenaire in half an hour. Weekend play there is limited to guests playing with members. Equally, you can play on the very fields of Waterloo (from the French viewpoint) and reach that, too, by frequent tram service from the city. Daily green fees in Belgium are about 15s.

Germany: The best courses, though only 9-hole ones, are at the spas: Baden-Baden, Bad Ems, Bad Homburg and Bad Nauheim. About 10s. a day green fee. There is one 18-hole course—the Wannsee—outside Berlin.

Spain: A pleasant 9-hole course adds to the charm of Algeciras, as also to the Golf Hotel at Marbella. There are two courses outside Barcelona, the San Cugat and the El Prat, both 18 holes, both about half an hour from the city by train. San Sebastian and Santander, on the Atlantic coast, are both famous short courses, and in their brief July-September season are usually in better condition than most,

owing to the amount of rain they get in early summer. There are courses in the islands of Las Palmas and Tenerife; and, near Madrid, one of the most elegant of clubs, the Puerto de Hierro, which also has a swimming pool. Top fees in Spain are just under £1 for weekdays.

Sweden has one of the most appropriate climates for the game, though it is treated rather as an import. Outside Stockholm there are courses at Lidingsjö and an attractive 9-hole one at Saltzjobaden, the inland sea resort 20 minutes by train, or an hour by steamer, from the city.

In **Switzerland**, the choice is large and if you want a golfing holiday as opposed to the odd game it is perhaps the best bet of all. Resorts equipped for skiing in winter use golf as a lure to maintain a summer season for the hotels, and the lakeside resorts treat it as a useful adjunct to sailing and swimming. You can play at Basle, Crans-sur-Sierre, Davos, Engadine, Geneva, Lausanne, Lucerne, Lugano, Montreux and St. Moritz, to name only a few; St. Moritz is particularly lively, golf-wise, in August. Green fees, compared with those in this country, seem surprisingly reasonable at about 14s. a day.

It is difficult to pin down the facts from one club to another, but the hiring of clubs on the spot averages about 4s. a day, which, in any event, is a saving on the excess baggage charges of taking your own full set by air. The most helpful manual, if you take the business seriously, is the *Golfer's Handbook*, price 30s.

Sweden has an appropriate climate for golf, played here on the Tylosand course



J. ALAN CASH

ALEXANDRINE



FELICITY: Superb
Bridal Gown in Satin
Duchesse 79 gns.



THE ROYAL WEDDING



THE historic scene in York Minster as the Duke of Kent and Miss Katharine Worsley stand before Dr. Ramsey. The Queen with Prince Philip and the Prince of Wales are on the right with other members of the Royal Family. A seven-page supplement of wedding pictures with a full report by Muriel Bowen begins overleaf





London to York—the guests converge. *Above:* The High Commissioner for Sierra Leone, Dr. R. Kelfer-Caulker and his wife at King's Cross. *Right:* One hurried traveller wore topper and sports coat with striped trousers. *Below:* Arranging the bride's train as she enters the Minster



THE ROYAL WEDDING

continued



The Duke and the new Duchess of Kent leave York Minster. The Duke wore the ceremonial uniform of his regiment, the Royal Scots Greys. The Duchess was in a cream bridal dress with a fabulous 20 ft. long train



The bride, on the arm of her father, Sir William Worsley, Bt., approaches the altar, awaited by the Duke of Kent and Prince Michael

Muriel Bowen AT THE WEDDING

ROYALTY from all over Europe attended the wedding of the Duke of Kent and Miss Katharine Worsley, but it was York itself that added the wonderful warmth to a wonderful occasion. The cheer that greeted the bride as she stepped from her car at the church was deep-throated, buoyant and unmistakably Yorkshire. I saw the White Rose of York everywhere, they even had it arranged in buckets at the tea-bar in the car park. Even the weather cheered up for the occasion, everybody had spent the morning looking at the sky and wondering dubiously whether rain would greet the bride. Then, just before Miss Worsley arrived, the sun blazed through the stained glass windows that are the Minster's most gorgeous treasure.

With the splendid military trappings, the trumpeters, and the beautiful clothes of the guests, it seemed that pomp and circumstance might defeat the humanity of the occasion. But Miss Worsley soon dispelled such fears. There was the sweet look she gave her father, and Sir William's whispered encouragements as they started off on that long, long walk up the aisle.

Her dress by John Cavanagh was truly elegant and had quite the longest train I have ever seen, all of 20 feet I should say. The royal procession preceded her up the aisle. The Queen, in a mauve hat and coat, was obviously enjoying

the occasion. Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain, Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones and the Duke & Duchess of Fife took up their positions behind the Queen.

When Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent—as she is now known and as she has always been best-remembered—arrived, it was as if a button had been pressed—everyone stopped their little conversations on either side of the aisle to watch her pass. Few women can carry off the grand occasion like Princess Marina. She wore a reed-slim white dress, embroidered with pearls and diamanté, and with floating chiffon panels at the back. Her white hat was an Ascot-type cartwheel with ostrich feathers swathing the brim. Her entrance was so dramatic that the next half-dozen guests arrived almost unnoticed. The Minster, which had been bare and deserted only two hours before, was now full of people. But the organization had been perfect; there were no traffic jams. York, with its jumble of medieval streets, hardly changed since the Middle Ages, saw admirably to that. The West door, used by most of the guests, was a mass of scaffolding, indeed just as it was 633 years ago at York's last royal wedding when Edward III married 14-year-old Philippa of Hainault.

The ceremony was conducted by the Rt. Rev. Michael Ramsey, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, a Friar Tuck figure, who might have stepped straight down from one of



The Royal Family watch the wedding ceremony. Princess Margaret & Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones are on the extreme left

the stained-glass windows. The word "obey" was not in the order of service, but it was used by the Archbishop and repeated by the bride. Members of the congregation momentarily glanced at each other. The Minster was now alive with energy. TV technicians moved silently and quickly from one plant to the next, the B.B.C. in morning dress, ATV in grey suits with red ties. Most of the guests watched the television screens, which informed them of what was happening behind all those pillars, the method followed so successfully last year at Princess Margaret's wedding in Westminster Abbey.

So many guests watching the wedding and lots of them with a tale to tell about their journey to York.

Field Marshal Sir Francis Festing & Lady Festing came by helicopter. The Duke has been on the Field Marshal's staff at the War Office for the last few months. Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, Minister for Civil Aviation, was offered a test ride in a new helicopter and took up the offer to take his wife and some friends to the wedding. Mr. John Profumo, the War Minister, & Mrs. Profumo, and Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard & Lady Goodbody were among those on board.

"We took a picnic basket with us and had lunch on the way," Mrs. Profumo told me. She wore a ravishingly pretty pleated dress of light navy blue with a great big, puffball hat in exactly the same shade. (The hat *did* negotiate the helicopter and wasn't carried wrapped in tissue in a box.)

Then there were all the little amusing incidents that attend a wedding of this size. I liked the professional touch that Princess Anne gave to a bridesmaid's job. As she

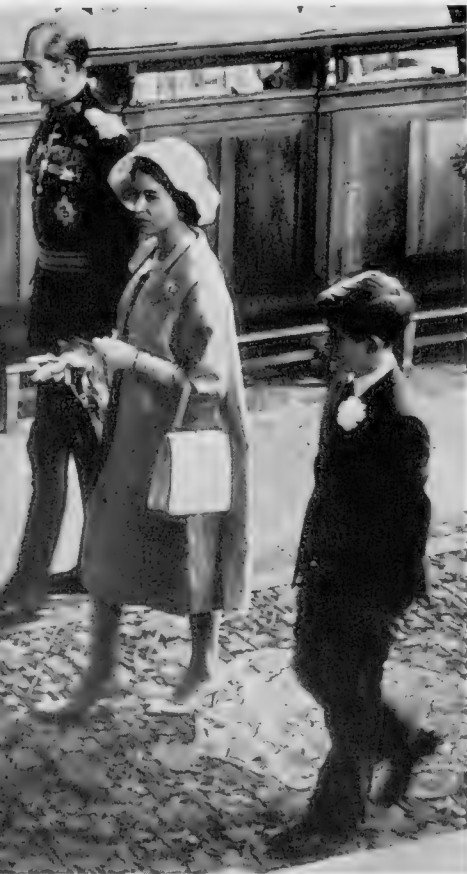
stepped out of the car at the Minster, she turned to a timid little bridesmaid following and said reassuringly, "Follow me." The bride comes from a very large and closely-knit family and more than 40 of her relations came to see her marry and afterwards drank her health. Brother John, home from Canada, and his wife, Marcus, who is the M.P., and his wife, and Oliver, still a bachelor. Yorkshire gave the new Duchess of Kent a great send-off, but when it came to individual hospitality nobody could match the magnificent showing of the Cayleys. Sir Kenelm arrived in the Minster with his wife, seven daughters, a son-in-law and a daughter's fiancé. The Earl and Countess of Feversham and their daughter, Lady Clarissa Duncombe, were there, of course. It was they who put up all the Kents the night before at their house, Nawton Tower.

Still more Yorkshire names—Sir Richard Graham, High

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Below: Before the start of the service the Queen Mother turns to speak to the Prince of Wales. *Below left:* Princess Anne and 12-year-old Sandra Butter, in the bridal procession





Entering the Minster:
The Queen, Prince Philip and
the Prince of Wales



After the ceremony the Duchess of Kent curtsies to the Queen
while her husband bows. *Left:* Princess Margaret & Mr. Antony
Armstrong-Jones arriving at York Minster

MURIEL BOWEN AT THE WEDDING

continued

Sheriff, Lord Middleton, Col. the Hon. Christopher and Lady Elizabeth Beckett. The Earl and Countess of Halifax, like some others, took no chances with the traffic. They came to York early and lunched at the Yorkshire Club, just a minute from the Minster. Just over 1,900 guests and all of them relatives or good friends. There was no such thing as an official list. Sir Maurice & Lady Dorman were there, back specially from Sierra Leone where the Duke represented the Queen at the independence celebrations last month, Mr. & Mrs. Roland King-Farlow (she is Sir William Worsley's sister), Field Marshal Viscount Slim & Viscountess Slim, Lord & Lady Evans (she was wearing an almond green dress and jacket with a straw hat in the same shade), Sir Felix Brunner, brother of Lady Worsley, & Lady Brunner, Mr. Noël Coward doing it all in a characteristic-

ally leisurely way and spending the week-end in Yorkshire with friends, and Lt.-Col. Aidan Sprot who commands the Duke's regiment, the Royal Scots Greys.

Strange how many guests at royal weddings follow a definite colour. At Princess Margaret's it was blue. At the Duke of Kent's it was pink. Nobody wore it more elegantly than Princess Georg of Denmark. Princess Alexandra had an all-pink ensemble as well, so too had Lady Pamela Hicks. Earl & Countess Bathurst travelled up from London in one of the special trains. She wore a suit in a wool and linen mixture in aquamarine and a white flowered hat. Almost half the guests were about the same age as the Duke and his bride. Then there was a whole bevy of young foreign *princes* (we're always hearing of the princesses). Crown Prince Harald of Norway, the best known of them all, and



Crown Prince Constantine of Greece whose boat followed him to England. (He's the world's leading Dragon helmsman and plans to have a crack at winning the Edinburgh Cup next week.)

So many other young people: The Earl & Countess of March, Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Brunner, Capt. & Mrs. Michael Bowater (she's Lady Daphne Straight's daughter and shortly expecting a baby), and Lt.-Comdr. Nicholas Hunt who was one of the people most responsible for the arrangements running so smoothly. Also there: the Marquess and Marchioness of Waterford, Miss Milet Delmé-Radcliffe and her fiancé, Mr. John Ropner, Major Guy Wheeler and the Hon. Giles St. Aubyn, a housemaster at Eton and one of the Duke of Kent's first friends.

For the drive to the reception at Hovingham Hall the

Duke & Duchess used the Queen's new glass-topped maroon Rolls-Royce. As they motored through a string of villages they were stopped time and again by people who wanted to touch the car and seemed so happy if they managed to do so. For the Queen Mother the time-schedule was a close-run thing. She had only a few minutes at the reception at Hovingham Hall before leaving to board a Heron of the Queen's Flight. She was due at Covent Garden for a gala at 8.30 p.m. and she wasn't missing it.

After a day they'll always remember, the royal couple left Hovingham to begin their honeymoon. The first part was being spent at Birkhall on Deeside, then the Duke & Duchess fly to Majorca in one of the Queen's Herons.

As for the guests? It may interfere with work, but we can't stop talking about the Wedding of the Year.

The Duke & Duchess of Kent leave the Minster, followed by their attendants



A guard of honour from the Duke's regiment outside the Minster
Left: Waves from the Royal Family at Hovingham Hall
Below: Driving away to the reception



QUEEN VICTORIA

changed all that

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

THERE is a lot of nonsense written and believed about royal marriages, by people who romanticize their history and toss facts out of the window. The rule of marrying into Continental royal families was an Hanoverian innovation. Before that, there was the example of Edward IV marrying Elizabeth Woodville, a commoner; and of Henry VIII, the "most persistent" husband in our royal history, choosing Anne Boleyn, daughter of a prosperous tradesman, and then Jane Seymour, as two of his wives. Anne Hyde, another commoner, was married to the Duke of York, afterwards James II, and two of her daughters, Mary and Anne, ultimately ascended the throne.

It was Queen Victoria who broke the Hanoverian habits of marriage: she wrote, in 1837, that "Money without goodness or affection" was "useless." She attributed "little political importance" to "great alliances": they could "no longer affect the actions of governments," and were only "a source of worry and difficulty." She added that her own experience had "taught" her that this was true. When her daughter, Princess Louise, was betrothed to the Marquess of Lorne, she wrote that "a person of distinction" in Britain was "really no lower in rank than a minor German royalty."

Since then, the descendants of Queen Victoria have been allowed to marry according to the dictates of their heart, and the result has been an increasing happiness of family life that was quite impossible under the old order, when the cleavage between monarchs and their children was a sad theme; a poison dripping through the centuries. It had its last unhappy influence in the relationship between King George V and his sons: the Duke of Windsor wrote: "I have often thought that my father liked children only in the abstract." The tradition of estrangement has ended in our own time, largely through the influence of the Queen Mother: her will and

example have made it possible for the present Queen—perhaps the only sovereign in our history—to be able to say: "All my childhood was sunshine."

That sunshine has been shared by the sons and daughter of the Duchess of Kent, and it is refreshing to contemplate the romantic hour beneath the arches of York Minster, where her eldest son was married to Miss Katharine Worsley. It is a holiday from all cynicism and fear, and I catch the echo of Sir Winston Churchill's wise old voice repeating the phrase he once used on another, similar occasion—"A joyous event . . . a flash of colour on the hard road we have to travel."

The choice of York Minster, rather than the impersonal and less private spaces of Westminster Abbey, was happy—not only because it meant that the Duke was making the gesture of marrying the bride, in a sense, from her ancestral doorstep, but also for historical associations that go a long way back.

There had not been a royal wedding in York Minster since King Edward III married Philippa of Hainault there in 1328—Philippa, the "intelligent and soft-hearted woman" who saved the lives of the burghers of Calais. The ghost of Edward III might look down at the young bridegroom of the 20th century with an amiable smile; the Order of the Garter, which he founded almost 600 years ago, seems certain to include the Duke one of these days (perhaps before these words are published).

For those southerners, and for Scotsmen, who look on York as a mere railway station along the way, there is much to be learned and enjoyed in the splendid city. After all, Robinson Crusoe had his roots there; remember the opening sentence, "I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family. . . ."

The exciting historical association in the wedding is with Oliver Cromwell, from whom the bride is descended. We trace a tangle of

branches in the family tree and come to the surprising fact that Thomas Worsley of Hovingham Hall, in Yorkshire, married Mary Frankland, a grand-daughter of Frances Cromwell, who was the youngest child of the Protector.

The Duke of Kent and his bride belong to their generation: they like fast motor-cars, skiing, horse riding and tennis, and they no doubt rush happily through their twenties and do not trouble overmuch about ancestral voices. But if they do listen, they might look on their wedding in York as a charming gesture in historical condonation. Two very different family trees agree, at last, to grow in each other's shade.

If the Duke feels at all shy about the way his Norman ancestor behaved in the Worsley country, burning the town of York and laying waste the land between the Humber and the Tees, he can remember also that the royalists were defeated by Miss Worsley's ancestor; that York fell into Cromwell's hands after his victory at Marston Moor, about seven miles to the west, in 1644. (There was a Captain Worsley serving with Cromwell's army in the north at that time, but no proof that he actually fought at Marston Moor; nor that he was caught up in Cromwell's terrible condemnation of the royalists—"God made them as stubble to our swords.")

There was only one reminder of these savage episodes in York Minster on 8 June: the stained glass windows that survived the destruction of 1644. When the men of York surrendered their city to the parliamentarians after Marston Moor, they stipulated that the windows in the Minster must not be touched. This beautiful stained glass remains an astonishment to all who have never seen it before. The great eastern window of York is perhaps the finest in the world: it is a vast curtain of multi-coloured fire on a summer day, a touch of splendid radiance for a royal wedding.

WEDDING WARDROBES

Duthy sketches the clothes worn by five distinguished guests at the wedding of the Duke of Kent and Miss Katharine Worsley

Mrs. Gay Kindersley wore a light navy coat in heavy shantung by Victor Stiebel, plain, apart from piping relief. Her dress had a high round neck, fitted bodice and a skirt opening to fullness from pleats on the hips



The Countess of Harewood chose a royal blue pure silk dress and jacket by Hardy Amies. Her longish line jacket was severely plain, collarless and had three-quarter length sleeves; the sleeveless straight dress had a high round neck. A soufflé hat of varying shades of blue petals by Rudolf made an apt contrast with the simple, elegant lines of dress and jacket



The Countess of Portarlington wore a black silk organdie dress by John Cavanagh, who also designed the bride's gown. Mounted on dusky pink, it is appliquéd with black organdie roses. A moulded bodice, with tight elbow sleeves, fits into a slim waist belted with black patent leather. The skirt bells gently. Reed Crawford designed the enormous white tulle hat which is trimmed with marguerites



Miss Charlotte Bowater wore a hat designed for her by Jenny Fischer, who also makes the new Duchess of Kent's hats. In white draped pure silk organza, the inside of the curved-back brim was lined with daffodil yellow organza. The style was entirely suited to Miss Bowater's gamine features



Princess Frederick of Prussia was dressed by Mattli in a coat of grey wild silk, with fullness at the back.

Her sleeveless dress was flared slightly at the hem and patterned with grey, beige and black roses on a creamy background. Her hat, by Simone Mirman, was a breton in coarse straw the same creamy shade as the dress

THE YOUNG FAMILY AT COPPINS



At Coppins, the house near Iver to which the Kents moved in 1936, Prince Edward on his fifth birthday with his parents and sister Princess Alexandra



NOVEMBER, 1934: Princess Marina of Greece and the Duke of Kent on the Buckingham Palace balcony after their wedding in Westminster Abbey. Below: The young Duke of Kent (he succeeded to the title on his father's death in 1942) cycles to school at Iver with his nannie in 1943



JANUARY, 1948: At 13 he had already developed an interest in fast cars. Earl Howe is with him at an Exhibition



JUNE, 1953: Met by the Duke of Norfolk on arrival at Westminster Abbey for a Coronation rehearsal. The Duke, then aged 18, was page to the Queen

a flashback in pictures from the life of the royal bridegroom



SEPTEMBER, 1953: At Sandhurst, on his first day in the Army, the Duke—already fitted with army boots—gets an outside coat



FEBRUARY, 1954: After five months at Sandhurst the Duke of Kent marches in the Sovereign's Parade at a passing-out



DECEMBER, 1956: One of the few family occasions not spent at Coppins—the Duchess of Kent and her family (Prince Michael is on the left) leave London for Christmas at Sandringham



JULY, 1957: Again, fascination for fast cars: at Aintree the Duke of Kent has a look at the Vanwall in which Stirling Moss later won



APRIL, 1961: The Duke of Kent dancing with Lady Dorman, wife of the Governor of Sierra Leone,



MARCH, 1961: The Duke of Kent and Miss Katharine Worsley driving to Buckingham Palace to visit the Queen, soon after announcing their engagement. Their names were first linked after they had both attended a fancy dress ball at Bolton Castle, Yorkshire



Lord and Lady Evans



The Queen and her racing manager, Capt. Charles Moore, watch the parade of runners before the big race. With her was the Queen Mother, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Norfolk and the Princess Royal



Lady Rotherwick



The Duchess of Devonshire



Lady Melchett



Mrs. Humphrey Brooke



The Duchess of Fife

LADIES' DAY AT THE DERBY

MURIEL BOWEN'S
SOCIAL NOTES

What a Derby for the ladies! Nine women owned or shared the ownership of nine winners at the June Epsom meeting. First, second and third in the Derby too! Mrs. Arpad Plesch was clearly overcome with emotion when she was handed the Trophy.

She gave a celebration party for 20 of her friends at the Savoy on the evening of the race. The flowers on the table were in her racing colours, and the pastry chef presented her with a cake iced in the colours so spectacularly carried by Psidium.

The Maharajah & Maharanee of Jaipur had come to drink her health. So too had Mr. & Mrs. David Metcalfe, Air Comdre. Freddie West, v.c., & Mrs. West, Mr. Jack Gerber, & Mr. & Mrs. Toby Waddington. From the next table came Mme. Leon Volterra to plant a kiss on Mrs. Plesch's cheek. Mme. Volterra's Dicta Drake came in second. Mr. & Mrs. Plesch are presently in transit from their villa in the Bahamas to their villa near Beaulieu in the South of France.

Third in the big race was Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin's Pardao. She's a wonderful woman and when I lived

in Washington I was always hearing legends of her from nearby Virginia. She must be nearly 80 but she makes light of watching the gallops before breakfast.

The Queen went to both the Derby and the Oaks, travelling down from London the most sensible way — by train to Tattenham Corner. The Duke & Duchess of Gloucester were there too, both looking sun-tanned after their successful visit to Greece.

Others racing: Sir Harold & Lady Zia Wernher, the Hon. Rodney Berry & Mrs. Berry (she told me her first racehorse had brought her third place money a few days before), the Duchess of Westminster, Mr. Rory & Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall, Miss Lindy Guinness in a bright shade of pink, and Mr. & Mrs. Paul d'Ambrumenil, just off to the South of France.

The Duke of Devonshire (Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Commonwealth Relations) arrived for luncheon at the Jockey Club with Sir Grantley Adams, Prime Minister of the Federation of the West Indies, Mr. Norman Manley, Premier of Jamaica, and Dr. Eric Williams, Premier of Trinidad, who was



Mme. Leon Volterra, owner of runner-up Dicta Drake, congratulates Mrs. Arpad Plesch, owner of the winner



Mr. John Oldham (Sovrango's owner), Mr. Arpad Plesch & Air Comdre. Freddie West

Mr. H. Wragg, Mr. & Mrs. G. Wragg, Mrs. P. Wragg & Mrs. M. Mercer

- AND TWO BIG PARTIES

later joined by his 11-year-old daughter, Erica.

"They enjoyed themselves enormously," Lady Antonia Fraser told me.

It was her husband, the **Hon. Hugh Fraser**, Under Secretary at the Colonial Office, who suggested the day at the races. A master stroke I should say.

A COMING-OUT IN KENSINGTON

The Boltons look so solid, imposing. I've always imagined that people who live behind those high walls spent their time composing chairmen's reports. But after the dance given by Mrs. Julian Ridsdale it is obvious that the Boltons are square only to outward appearance. The dance was a coming-out affair of Miss **Penny Ridsdale** (see pictures overleaf). Dancing was in the drawing-room with its apple green silk walls and a choice of English or Japanese supper in the marquee in the garden (hung with Oriental lanterns) was followed by a 3 a.m. bacon and eggs breakfast in the dining-room. Joining in the fun were: Col. & Mrs. **Joseph Bennett**, Sir **John**

Vaughan-Morgan, M.P., & **Lady Vaughan-Morgan**, Miss **Kerry-Jane Ogilvy**, and Mr. **Paul Channon, M.P.**

Naturally there were lots of young girls, many just back from "finishing" in Florence. Miss Ridsdale referred to them collectively as "The Gang." **Lady Mairi Bury's** daughter, the **Hon. Rose Keppel**, came under that heading. So did Miss **Penelope Prior-Palmer** and Miss **Catherine Milinair**, daughter of the Duchess of Bedford. When the season is over most of them will settle for shorthand and typing. Not Miss Ridsdale though. She's headed for the City and chartered accounting. Doing the season should give her invaluable experience. She will certainly be able to sort out the knots for all those deb fathers—more numerous every year—baffled by the variety and volume of expense involved in bringing out daughter.

Said the host, Mr. **Julian Ridsdale, M.P.**, "I never thought the day Penny was born here, in the middle of a raid, that we could look forward to an evening like this."

PHOTOGRAPHED AT EPSOM

BY VAN HALLAN AND AT

THE DERBY NIGHT PARTY

BY DESMOND O'NEILL



The Hon. Rose Keppel & Mr. Michael Harrison arriving



Mrs. Julian Ridsdale with Mr. John Profumo

PARTY AT THE BOLTONS

Mr. & Mrs. Julian Ridsdale gave a coming-out party for their daughter Penny at the house in the Boltons where she was born during an air raid



Miss Penny Ridsdale & Mr. Maurice Macmillan



An extension marquee was put up in the garden

Miss Penny Walker & Mr. Michael Sweatman (centre) dancing to Jack Rogers' band. (Left) Mr. Martin Huggins & Miss Alwyn Lee



Mr. Julian Sandys with Miss Odile Gommès

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER



The Kennedys meet the Queen



Climax of a crowded day in London for President and Mrs. Kennedy was a State dinner party at Buckingham Palace. They are seen above with the Queen and Prince Philip. Earlier the President had talks with Mr. Macmillan at which they discussed his meeting with Mr. Krushchev in Vienna, and also visited the American Embassy. Private reason for the Kennedys' London visit was the christening of Prince and Princess Stanislas Radziwill's daughter Anna Christina, to whom Mr. Kennedy is godfather. *Left:* Mrs. Kennedy and her sister Princess Radziwill at the door of No. 4 Buckingham Place, the Radziwills' home, after the christening party



HIGH SUMMER OF A

THE novels of H. E. Bates have a kind of sunny ambience. *The Jacaranda Tree*, *The Daffodil Sky* and *The Nature of Love* confirmed a literary reputation that began some while back—he published his first novel at 20. Many of his books have been filmed; all were profitable, helping him to assemble a valuable collection of post-Impressionists. But high summer really began for H. E. Bates with *The Darling Buds of May*, a novel that was filmed too, as well as being made into a play. Then with the publication last month of his latest volume of short stories *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal* he has decided to abandon the novel form altogether. At 56 the decision is unlikely to put his career in jeopardy, his earlier short stories are at least as well-known as his longer works and the Uncle Silas series has now achieved a recording on LPs. Mr. Bates has lived in the tiny Kentish village of Little Chart for 30 years. His house is called The Granary. In his study Mr. Bates pursues the restless impulse of the professional writer while the gentle understatement of his garden may enclose the sounds of children playing. Mr. Bates has four children, two sons and two daughters, and four grandchildren.



Tea on the terrace for H. E. Bates and his wife, their daughter Ann and her two sons, Stephen and Jeremy. The Granary (right) stands in a village that has remained unspoiled during the last 30 years. The author's study and workroom (below) looks over the garden



Elegant sun-shafted rooms make a civilized background for living and working. From left, below: 1. Garden gate in ornamental wrought iron. 2. Behind the grand piano in the lounge hangs a Bardone, part of Mr. Bates's remarkable collection of post-Impressionist paintings. 3. A cocktail bar adds a town touch to a country house furnished in traditional style

WORDSMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MARK GERSON



LORD KILBRACKEN

Somehow it's always Black Ascot

THE whirl of social events is whirling away like a humming-top. First came Eights Week, as generously attended as ever, and perhaps even more so, by dashing nymphs and nymphets on the beflagged college barges, and by many be-boated boaters. Next, the Derby, which was (need I say) psimply pshattering: not one of my three selections, as the assiduous reader may have noticed, contrived to finish in the first half-dozen.

Then the Fourth of June, which took place on the Third, and was, I'm told, exactly the same as ever, as it always will be. (Once again, I missed it.) And then came The Wedding, which by all accounts was terrific. Now, with Henley and Lord's and Wimbledon already looming ahead, Royal Ascot is with us. Beware! Beware!

Even now, I cannot help thinking of it as a highly *wicked* occasion, for the simple reason that at Eton, in those oh-so-important formative years of which the psychologists speak so freely, such unparalleled pains were taken to prevent us from attending. I still don't know why. On the Tuesday and Thursday of Ascot Week, alone among all the weeks of the year, we didn't get half-holidays, and there seemed to be an "absence," as a roll-call at Eton is perversely known, just about every hour. Yet there was every kind of unspeakable crime and mischief up to which we could get on every other half-holiday of the year without much difficulty; and indeed we frequently did so.

It was thus relatively easy (though of course illegal) to get to Kempton on a Saturday, or to Sandown on a Thursday, or even, with the help of a friend's fast car, as far afield as Cheltenham; and indeed it was well-known that M—— had flown to Le Touquet and back in the course of a half-holiday. But handy Ascot was made totally impossible, even to the most ingenious law-breaker, and even if one's father owned the Gold Cup favourite, as was quite likely in those happy days before the era of French domination. The only conclusion anyone could draw was that Ascot, for some secret reason only known to adults, must be specially pernicious.

In a way, certainly, it is—but hardly for the reasons which the school authorities must have had in mind. It is not for nothing that this particular meeting is known as Black Ascot as often and as justifiably as it is known as Royal. There surely can be no other at which the bookies, who are not renowned at any time for giving their money away, so infallibly drive home in their Rollsies with such bulging satchels. Even this year, after out-and-out "skinnings" in the Guineas and the Derby, not to mention all the stakes lost, without so much as a run, through the scratching of such as Opaline and "Pinto," I can say already

with absolute certainty that their smiles will be even broader, their cigars even longer, and their bank managers even happier, than they were on Derby Day.

Every year, with wonderful pig-headedness, we manage to convince ourselves that *this* time will be different. And, with those beautifully-contrived handicaps, and the kind bookmakers going 10-to-one the field, it is indeed the most frightful temptation: a couple of such winners in a £5 double, and you've paid in advance for your whole summer holiday in Cannes or Biarritz. So, as always, we plunge, and only regret it when the last unbacked outsider, like all the others, comes romping home.

For this reason I nominate Ascot as the only social-sporting event at which smart women behave sensibly and with perfect rationality. At Lord's or Henley—and by Lord's, naturally, I mean the Eton and Harrow match, not a trivial event like a test against Australia—it's easy (if caddish) to make fun of the Dior-draped deb, or her Balmainized mum, who has come to be seen and to make irrelevant conversation, and not, for an instant, to pay the smallest attention to the cricket or the rowing. But at Ascot it's so different. It may be very amusing that darling Miranda doesn't know the difference between a furlong and a fetlock, and is watching the Queen when she should be watching the finish. But it's difficult to maintain your one-up position when you've just "dropped a pony" (i.e. lost £25)—or even, whisper it, a "monkey" (£500)—on your sure thing of the day which inescapably, incontrovertibly finished last.

Miranda, very cleverly, has kept her money in her purse. Would that we knowledgeable males, who have already spent a fortune anyway on tickets, car parks, plovers' eggs, *foie gras*, champagne, *et hoc genus omne* (and, possibly, on Miranda's dress too), could learn to do likewise! For it would really be such a delightful occasion if only we didn't have to go and part with all our money. The gaily-playing band; the dappled sunshine—let it be hoped—through the green of the trees in the paddock; the best thoroughbreds in the country competing for great stakes; a galaxy of attractive women, whether thoroughbred or not, in bewitching hats and dresses, competing for you and me. What could be more pleasurable?

Nothing. So I, for once, have made my resolution. I *know* that I can't win—*nobody* wins at Ascot—so I'm not going to have a bet. Well, perhaps I'll just have one. Or two. Each day, I mean. But small ones. Not more than a fiver anyway. On each, naturally. Unless, that is, I get a really inside tip. Or two. Or maybe. . . .

I have the strangest possible feeling it'll be just the same as ever. . . .

WHENAS IN SILKS...



The quotation is from Herrick, an acknowledged expert on the way a girl can look in silks. He'd approve the clothes photographed by Michael Boys at an Essex weaving mill and would have been a useful member of the panel of 24 experts now meeting in London at the International Silk Association's Congress. Backgrounds are at Warner & Sons factory in Braintree

Only just pink—slub silk dress with double its quota of pearl buttoning. Defining the pink: four big rows of river pearls, one big white pedal straw breton with organza lining the underbrim. Where to buy: Atrima

dress (14½ gns.) at Harvey Nichols Little Shop; Samuels, Manchester; McDonalds, Glasgow. Christian Dior Chapeaux (12½ gns.) at Dickins & Jones; Bon Marché, Liverpool. Pearl necklace by Nagel





Two strengths of coffee are brewed for a silk suit (far left) with milky coffee for the jacket and skirt; a darker blend on the overblouse and facings. Extras: natural straw turban with an olive chiffon headband. **Where to buy:** H. B. Popper suit (about 43 gns.) at Simpsons; Samuels, Manchester; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells. Christian Dior Chapeaux (12½ gns.) at Fortnum & Mason; Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield. Nagel dulled gold jewellery from Marshall & Snelgrove, London

Double strength of rose: silk shantung coat plus a rosy straw hat stopped from flying away by a side-slung flower. The stiff interlining makes the coat's swinging, shapely outline. **Where to buy:** Coat (40 gns.) from Libertys; Christian Dior Chapeaux (12½ gns.) at Harrods; J. R. Taylor, St. Annes-on-Sea. Silk data: the handwoven coat silk comes from the Far East where handweaving is still done—Warners themselves employ 8 handweavers

WHENAS

IN

SILKS . . . continued



WHENAS
IN
SILKS...

continued

Pre-Raphaelite browns on white (left) make a silk Lotus print overblouse and pants. **Where to buy:** only at Libertys (18 gns.); Nagel gilt and amethyst stone bracelets from Marshall & Snelgrove. **Silk data:** Libertys have revived William Morris prints with their delectable reprints from original blocks, called the Lotus range. In the background is the yarn room at Warners where bales await dispatch to the loom

Hooded floral abstract chiffon (by Ascher) makes a brilliant patch of orange and purple by the oldest loom in the mill which wove the cloth in the foreground. The second dress has blue roses blowing across a green ground with a blousing top and a pleated skirt stepping crisply from underneath. **Where to buy:** both made exclusively by Kiki Byrne, King's Road (the chiffon one costs 25 gns., the silk twill, 22 gns.)



Ankle-length housecoat in a glorious old gold Hong Kong silk brocade made in the East for Libertys, Regent Street. Frogged from neck to hem and silk-lined it contrasts vividly with hanks of magenta silk in the dye room. Modern chemical processes are used for the bulk of Warners' dyeing. The coat costs £27 6s. Necklace and bracelet by Nagel at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1



WHENAS
IN
SILKS . . . concluded



White silk with a black spot contrast makes a short sleeved dress with a black leather tie and matching jacket. **Where to buy:** Jean Allen dress and jacket at Hunts, Bond Street; Morrisons, Glasgow; Jones, Wolverhampton (22 gns.). Black straw hat, velvet banded (9½ gns.) by Christian Dior Chapeaux at Dickens & Jones; Bon Marché, Liverpool. Nagel brooch and ear-rings at Marshall & Snelgrove

Exotic emerald Thailand silk makes a made-to-measure ball dress (right) which can be ordered in any of the vast range of dashing Thai silks on show at Daetwyler of Beauchamp Place. Prices for evening dresses range from 30-70 gns. Rhinestone drop ear-rings by Nagel at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1



Revival in the garden

CANE AND PAINTED METAL WITH AN EDWARDIAN FLAVOUR ARE REVIVED in 1961's garden furniture; old favourites, folding aluminium and wood, show little change from last year. New shape for sunny days is a tub-seated cane chair (*left*) with a footrest (not shown). Exclusive to Heals, Tottenham Court Road, it was designed for them by Charles Gage who has also produced other chairs and tables for their wide selection of cane furniture. Chair, £15 2s. 6d.; footrest, £5 2s. White-painted folding wood table with slatted top seats four easily. 4 gns. from Peter Jones, one of their latest designs. Evocative Victorian wirework arm-chair on the table is waiting repairs. Perfect copies in black cost £25 at Elizabeth Eaton, Basil Street, with other colours to order.

Next, a prim, upright dining chair by Elgin Garden Furniture whose collection (shown for the first time this year in Chelsea) is based on the prettiest of old patterns in ironwork. All made of aluminium and enamelled white. They stand up to all weathers virtually undamaged. Chair, with fretted seat, £6 10s. The urn (*below*) which has a drainage tray, costs £8 12s. to order only. The Elgin range includes tables, seats, chairs, round-the-tree benches and urns. Prices include packing and carriage from Elgin Furniture, Marks-Tey Station, Essex. Superb for lying about on, a varnished cane day bed (*right*) from Peter Jones, 8½ gns. to order. Special cushions can be made for it. Above, a wicker drinks-carrier, £6 18s. at Liberty's. Flowers are from Rassells, Earls Court Rd.



VERDICTS



Marilyn Monroe & Clark Gable the divorcee and the cowboy in *The Misfits*

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Dazzling Prospect. Globe Theatre. (Margaret Rutherford, Godfrey Quigley, Hazel Hughes, Joyce Carey, Richard Leech.)

Too vintage a vehicle

ON SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS ONE RECENT week it seemed that two separate West End managements had resorted to a desperate expedient. Were they not pitting the drawing power of popular actresses against the all too conspicuous lack of drawing power in the plays chosen for them? I can think of no other defence for *The Bird of Time* at the Savoy or for *Dazzling Prospect* at the Globe.

In the first we had Miss Gladys Cooper as a memsahib lingering on in modern India, Miss Diana Wynyard as a jilted Eurasian mistress eating out her dusky heart in vain hopes that the handsome Irish subaltern would one day come back to her, and the story which these distinguished actresses were set to tell was one that could hardly be better calculated to allay all curiosity.

A night later Miss Margaret Rutherford was found to be only slightly better served by a farcical

comedy from the pens of M. J. Farrell and John Perry, whose *Spring Meeting* brought them a pleasant success long ago. This sort of thing is fair neither to the actresses nor to their admirers, and it is hard to believe that plays better suited to their particular talents are no longer to be found.

It is true, of course, that Miss Rutherford has become a star performer who is at her best in what is called a vehicle play, that is to say one that is tailor-made to the requirements of her personal magnetism. But there are vehicle plays and vehicle plays, and *Dazzling Prospect* really gives Miss Rutherford little chance to lift her comic extravagance into the realm where it becomes truly fantastic. She is too firmly tethered to the ground by a character which pretends to belong to comedy but really needs a stronger farcical plot to set it free.

Every stage Irish country house has an old lady who is at once the despair and the delight of the household. She cannot be trusted to take her medicines, she is such an inveterate gambler on horses that she loses her income if her bets are known to exceed a few shillings, she can be trusted to insult all visitors she dislikes the look of, even if they hold a heavy mortgage on the farm and the training stables, but she has a tender heart and, in this instance, it is set on showing the world that her favourite great-nephew, a notoriously bad rider, only needs a little confidence to become a champion jockey.

It is characteristic of Bijou's deviousness of mind that though

she thinks she is helping her nephew to conquer his shyness of a pretty girl visitor, a beatnik fresh from an English prison, her plottings are destined to achieve the same end in a way that takes even her by surprise.

The crooked mortgagor's horse is considered to have too good a chance to win the great race at Clonmell for the nephew to be allowed to ride it. The old lady thereupon gets him mounted on an outsider and makes it her business to feed *The Dazzler* on herbs and strange potions calculated to turn him into a flyer. Chiefly she puts her confidence in speedwell, but on discovering that the beatnik girl doses herself on benzadrine, and that four tablets have the extraordinary effect of giving the girl enough energy to make her own bed one morning, she naturally feels that four tablets would do *The Dazzler* a power of good.

By feigning illness she wheedles the tablets out of an old doctor friend and by prodigies of cunning she has them conveyed to the race-course in the nick of time. It only remains for her to put a breath-taking off-the-course bet with a friendly bookmaker in London and all is set for a happy ending.

And of course it comes, though not at all as she had expected, but then the trouble with farcical comedy of this kind is that no one on the stage ever suspects what the audience has long before made up its mind must happen.

Miss Rutherford's study of irascible eccentricity is delightfully accomplished, but it is not quite

sufficient to itself. The perfunctorily worked out plot is active enough often to get in her way, and its familiar Irishisms are no sort of help to her. Miss Joyce Carey, Mr. Richard Leech, and Miss Sarah Miles have hardly any chance to provide a background plausible on any level of illusion for her comic inconsequence. Only Mr. Dermot Kelly, as a dead-pan stable boy, introduces an authentic touch of classic Irish comedy.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

The Misfits. Director John Huston. (Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, Montgomery Clift.)

Ballad Of A Soldier. Director Grigori Chukhrai. (Vladimir Ivashov, Shanna Prokhorenko.)

The Virgin Spring. Director Ingmar Bergman. (Max von Sydow, Gunnar Lindblom, Birgitta Pettersson.)

Plein Soleil. Director René Clement. (Alain Delon, Marie Laforet, Maurice Ronet.)

All right, Arthur —we understand

IF THERE WERE NOT SO MUCH talent involved in *The Misfits*, one would not for a moment hesitate to say that it is a pretty poor film—

but I do hesitate just long enough to examine my reasons for thinking so. Possibly, in the first place, I am a little put off by the fact that Mr. Arthur Miller, who wrote the screenplay, seems embarrassingly eager to establish himself as Miss Marilyn Monroe's apologist. His ex-wife may well be a dear, sweet, misunderstood girl, too tender-hearted for this rough world, but I don't want the point pressed home so insistently and so sentimentally.

In the second place, the film is surely somewhat clumsily constructed. All the characters—the wistful divorcee (Miss Monroe), her confidante (Miss Thelma Ritter) and the three foot-loose cowboys (Messrs. Clark Gable, Eli Wallach and Montgomery Clift)—have been provided with set pieces to speak, in explanation of their individual attitudes to life. There's something a mite too mechanical about all this.

My final complaint is that the film does not really come alive, cinematically, until the inexpressibly cruel closing sequences—in which five wild horses are hunted down, roped, thrown, tied and left, panting with exhaustion, on the dusty ground. One has the impression that this is the one part of the picture that Mr. John Huston thoroughly enjoyed directing—and I am revolted.

The story Mr. Miller has grafted on to his original short study of exclusively masculine misfits, opens with Miss Monroe setting off to Reno to divorce her husband on the grounds that he was not emotionally *with* her when she needed him.

After the proceedings, the liberated Miss Monroe allows herself to be picked up in a bar by Messrs. Gable and Wallach, both of whom fall for her. With Mr. Gable, whom she prefers, she spends some halcyon weeks in Mr. Wallach's country shack—until her inability to accept the cruelty of life begins to irritate Mr. Gable, who can't understand her objection to his shooting a rabbit that has been eating his lettuces.

At a rodeo where Mr. Gable's friend, Mr. Clift, nearly gets himself killed, Miss Monroe almost dies of horror. Her horror over the hunting of the horses is more easily comprehensible—though it need not have been quite so hysterically expressed. It has its effect on Mr. Gable and he releases all the horses for Miss Monroe's sake. The film ends with an unconvincing hint that he and she can now live happily together in mutual love and understanding, misfits no longer. Hmmm! I wouldn't bank on it.

By far the most moving and human film of the week is **Ballad Of A Soldier**—a Russian film, beautifully directed by Mr. Grigori Chukhrai, which I think you will find illuminating, too. A young Russian soldier, Mr. Vladimir Ivashov, is given a week's leave as a reward for an act of outstanding bravery in the front line. All he

wants is to return to his own village, to see his mother and to mend the broken roof of her house. The story is a simple account of what befalls this 19-year-old boy on his long, difficult, self-imposed journey across war-torn Russia.

From it one learns much about the Russians to persuade one that they are not essentially any different from us. They have their young people who fall tremulously in love (the scenes between the boy and the girl, Miss Shanna Prokhorenko, whom he meets on a train are infinitely touching)—and their fair share, too, of bribable bullies, gluttons, unfaithful wives and garrulous ancients. Human nature, this lovely film brought home to me, is human nature everywhere—no matter what the prevailing politics.

While I will concede that Herr Ingmar Bergman's latest tale from the Dark Ages, **The Virgin Spring**, is superbly photographed and packed with powerful realism, I have to say it left me cold. A Swedish legend tells how a young girl riding through lonely woods in her Sunday best to carry candles to church was attacked, raped and murdered by three brutal herdsmen—whom her father subsequently slew in blind rage. Repenting of this revenge, the father vowed to God he would build a church at the spot where his daughter had died—and instantly from the ground on which the poor child had lain a miraculous spring burst forth.

The story in its original form contains quite enough ugliness to satisfy me—but not, it seems, Herr Bergman. He has introduced into it a number of extraneous characters (all ugly and unnecessary)—a malevolent, gipsy-like girl in an advanced stage of pregnancy, a gibbering visionary who babbles of hell-fire, and a wall-eyed Odin-worshipper with a do-it-yourself witchcraft kit comprising, unless my eyes deceived me, dried efts, newts and vipers and a severed finger. They do not in the least suggest to me (as I assume was intended) that strange, supernatural forces of evil are abroad in the beautiful Swedish countryside: I merely conclude that Herr Bergman rather goes for the horrific and is, as the Americans say, having himself a ball. He is a great director and this sombre film has, undeniably, tremendous style—but it is not for me.

In **Plein Soleil**—which has a gorgeous South of France setting—a poor young man murders a rich young man, as whom he subsequently tries to pass himself off. Though not one of M. Clement's best films it is pleasant to look at.

Jack Lindsay, the Australian writer, whose new novel **All On The Never-Never** (Muller, 16s.) deals with the pitfalls and disillusionments of life in a New Town

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

Flowers Through The Ages, by Gabriele Tergit (Wolff, 25s.)

For The Good Of The Company, by Thomas Hinde (Hutchinson, 16s.)

A Cup Of Kindness, by Jonathan Eales (Longmans, 15s.)

The Fourfold Tradition, by Rayner Heppenstall (Barrie & Rockliff, 25s.)

Two For The River, by L. P. Hartley (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.)

An African Treasury, ed. Langston Hughes (Gollancz, 21s.)

Miss Lonelyhearts & A Cool Million, by Nathanael West, 2s. 6d.; **The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter**, by Carson McCullers, 3s. 6d.; **Baudelaire**, 6s. (Penguin Books).

Someone's always mad about flowers

ARE YOU MADE INORDINATELY happy by discovering that rose fossils, 32 million years old and resembling East Asian roses, have been found in Colorado and Oregon? That Theophrastus wrote that a rose had between five and 100 petals, and Herodotus firmly said 60? That there was a rose craze in imperial Rome, and a tulip passion in 18-century Turkey? That Goethe's friend Luise von Ziegler had a grave dug in her rose arbour in which she would recline from time to time "in order to enjoy the sensation of death amidst the fragrance of nature"? That Marie Antoinette, when playing dairymaids, used to serve milk in pink Sèvres bowls modelled on the shape of her own breasts?

These jolly and to me enchanting details are all to be found in an adorable scrapbook of floral intelligence called **Flowers Through the Ages** by Gabriele Tergit. Few books would be more rewarding for the snippety soothing reading essential to all insomniacs, and anyone who, as I do, cherishes magical bits of useless information will rejoice to think of the crown of carnations that cost a 17th-century Duchess of Devonshire £100, and of boar's wort, that preserved Charlemagne from pestilence and also, hurray, restores the strength of wild boars lamed by hog's bane.



MARK GERSON

Thomas Hinde is a young novelist with a peculiar gift for disturbing. Undercurrents of anguish and tension run through his apparently disciplined, economical and spare writing. **For the Good of the Company**, his third book, is about a gentle and perplexed young man; "the new entrant" in an enormous business combine, trying, politely and with a sort of puzzled courage, to sort out his work, his crumbling managing director, his girl-friend and his relationship with his father, who is slowly and painfully dying. Mr. Hinde credits his readers with intelligence, and implies more than he says. It's a curiously unnerving book, in which perfectly ordinary events are described but one has the feeling there is thunder imminent in the background and a nightmare may begin on the next page.

Jonathan Eales's **A Cup of Kindness** has a hero—it's hardly the word for him—called Bernard Thrush, who gets shaving-soap all over the collar of his pyjamas (much can be deduced about our current heroes by the manner in which they shave), works in a Government department, and carries in his pocket lists of reminders, an empty matchbox, a pencil stub and "a soiled Aspro." Thrush has a very tentative love-affair with the roguery-pogues but basically cautious Viennese wife of a friend, and this is about all that happens.

What is surprising is that out of such a pallid character Mr. Eales should have succeeded in making a book full of delicate and sad funniness and sympathetic irony; so that one not only cares what happens to Thrush but follows his delusions of glory with active hope. Mr. Eales has a sharp and kindly eye for the abortive drama in bedsits and the sort of glum restaurant where there are murals of centaurs dancing and the only waiter looks like an Argentinian bandit.

There is a theory behind Rayner Heppenstall's **The Fourfold Tradition** which I am not truly clear-witted enough to latch on to, though I know it has something to do with the closeness of the bond Mr. Heppenstall spies between France and England, particularly in respect of their literatures.

I was perfectly contented to derive a great deal of sharp pleasure from a prickly, bold, learned and coat-trailing book, hopping with life and determined opinions, that deals, among other things, with Joyce, Joan of Arc, Beckford, lady novelists, contemporary French writers, the English provincial novelists, and deals out shrewd slaps to a lot of confused people who consider themselves to be Celts (me too, before being so firmly disabused). From time to time Mr. Heppenstall's voice can become bleak in the calmest possible way ("To date, I think C. P. Snow a respectable dead-end. Before this book appears, I may be proved

wrong"). He makes ferocious and refreshing reading.

Briefly . . . **Two for the River** is a bunch of short stories by L. P. Hartley, all neat, varied, tied and knotted and packaged pleasingly, and sometimes goodness-how-blood-chilling in a way that now seems a touch old-fashioned. I prefer Mr. Hartley in more extended form and when not in so much of a hurry. . . .

I am enthusiastic about **An African Treasury**, selected by Langston Hughes, that grew out of a short-story contest organized by the editors of *Drum*. It is an intensely lively, various, sometimes folksy, often moving anthology, with flashes of wit so funny that one realizes, with a slight shock, how easy it is to assume that everything out of and about Africa must necessarily be enormously solemn, significant, and liable to go off with a loud bang in one's face. . . .

Lastly, some pretty and sturdy little Penguins. First of all a lovely fat selection of **Baudelaire**, introduced by and with prose translations by Francis Searle. . . . Carson McCullers's one long novel, **The Heart is a Lonely Hunter**, a prolonged and upsetting excursion into the McCullers South which I find rather too much, preferring this concentrated and extraordinary lady in sharp lethal doses—but hurry, that it's available at 3s. 6d. . . . My sentiments are the same about Nathanael West's **Miss Lonelyhearts** & **A Cool Million** which I feel I should admire but which in fact give me all the symptoms of migraine and seasickness combined. Of course you might say that this was precisely Mr. West's terrible intention and that I have skilfully, not to say willfully, missed the point.

GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

Jazz At Town Hall, by Bechet, Johnson & others.

Blues-a-plenty, by Johnny Hodges
Portrait Of The Artist, and **The Blues Hot & Cold**, by Bob Brookmeyer
The Congregation, by Johnny Griffin

Must it be new
to be good?

TOO MANY PEOPLE, PERFORMERS and audiences alike, think that it is essential to play something new to be regarded as good in jazz circles. Just how wrong they can be is proved by a live recording of a 1948 concert in New York, **Jazz at Town Hall** (FJ2841). It happens to be the first volume of Folkways' presentation of jazz in the 40s, and I can

assure everyone that it augurs well for any volumes to follow. The names on the bill read like a list of jazz giants, led by Sidney Bechet, Johnny Dodds, Pops Foster, James P. Johnson and Miff Mole, all of whom are now dead. Mole, a trombonist of the New York school, died only a few weeks ago, his style virtually unchanged after 30 active years on the jazz scene.

This exciting concert divides itself into two rough groups—the Bechet-Johnson-Dodds group, whose basic music requires no explanation and is above criticism; and the white Chicago group with its roots in the best Dixieland style, led by pianist Art Hodes, with Spanier, Mezzrow, Pee Wee Russell, Mole and Wettling all appearing on various tracks. They blow their hearts out in the final blues set, and never fail to establish the right mood and stimulus throughout the concert.

If more proof that newness is not the essence of good jazz is needed, spend a few minutes with Johnny Hodges and **Blues-a-plenty** (CLP1430) just long enough to discover that his style, too, is unchanged since he achieved fame with Ellington in the prewar era. The presence of two fine brass men, Roy Eldridge and Vic Dickenson, further enhances one of the outstanding albums I have heard this year. I can recommend it to anyone who wants to get to know the fundamentals of what I so often have to categorize as "mainstream" style. You will hear it all here—the predominance of fairly lengthy melodic solos, the simple arrangements devised by Hodges and Billy Strayhorn, who plays piano on the session. The four-piece front line, backed by three men in the rhythm section, makes as full a sound as one could wish for.

Bob Brookmeyer, trombonist, pianist, and composer, has always had something interesting to say. I feel he has been too ambitious in **Portrait of the artist** (SAH-K6125), where he has involved himself with an over-complicated *Blues suite*. This is a big band approach, weighted with "churchy" sounding harmonies, resulting in the whole piece getting out of context. His biting humorous method of tackling the conventional repertoire on the reverse is better, and it is at once easy to see where his affinity with Gerry Mulligan lies. **The blues hot and cold** (CSD1356) finds Bob and his trombone in a quartet setting where he consistently proves that newness is not his only virtue. This is a swinging set, with the leader at the helm to display his powers of navigation through widely varying conditions. His control, aided by his use of a valve trombone, enables him to tackle the fiery styles of Dickenson and Nanton with the same ease as he takes on the more mellow sounds of Teagarden.

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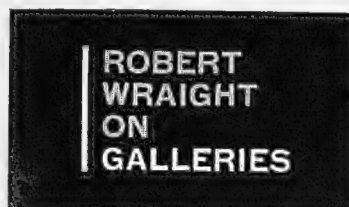
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Helena Rubinstein

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, 3 GRAFTON ST., LONDON, W.1 • PARIS • NEW YORK

Ever since I first heard Johnny Griffin "in the flesh" I have wondered why so few records by him are available in England. He plays a dynamic tenor saxophone, embracing the most exacting ramifications of Hawkins and Young, rather than following their various disciples. **The Congregation** (Blue Note 1580) is certainly the first release here under his own name, and it deserves to be heard. He never pulls a punch, which ensures some hard-hitting music for those who, like me, enjoy their jazz for itself, and not for its drawing-room suitability!



Art Reproductions, Conrad Press Rooms

Evidence of things seen

*"Boules de Melon à la Marie
Brizard
Suprême de Turbotin Nantua
Selle d'agneau rôti au Romarin
Haricots verts
Pommes Parmentier
Soufflé glacé Patricia
Petits Fours
Café"*

YOU MAY ASK, AT LEAST I HOPE you will, what the menu above has to do with art? I asked myself a similar question as I went up in the lift to the lush room at the top of the Carlton Tower the other day. There, in company with several other art critics, I was the lunch-guest of an enterprising publisher named Conrad who evidently believed that the way to a critic's head is through his stomach.

That he was not entirely wrong is proved by this column. And the proof is all the stronger because Mr. Conrad is a publisher of art reproductions, a commodity which I have come to regard as a very doubtful blessing.

I doubt, for instance, whether the reproductions of the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists that now hang in schools have any better influence on children than the oleograph of *When Did You Last See Your Father?* that hung in my school hall, had on me.

It seems to me that most people who buy reproductions are the sort who buy books but don't read them. The sort who, if they go to an art gallery, spend more time at the print-stall than in front of the pictures. But nothing I say will stop them buying reproductions and, therefore, so far as I am concerned, they may buy them

where they like. If for some peculiar reason they want to wash them, treat them roughly without tearing them, or hang them in sunlight without fading them, then they can buy Mr. Conrad's, which are printed in Italy on nylon canvas. But in spite of that excellent lunch, I feel no more kindly towards washable, untearable and non-fade reproductions than towards any other sort.

They all lack the magic that comes from even the most modest original. Every year hundreds of thousands of pounds are spent on them and every pound is a pound that might have been spent on an unknown artist who is desperately in need of encouragement. Here is a list of artists whose works—many of them, it must be admitted, interesting, rarely seen works—are published by Mr. Conrad's firm: Cézanne, Corot, Degas, Dufy, Gauguin, Klimt, Liebermann, Manet, Modigliani, Monet, Morandi, Murillo, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, Signac, Utrillo, Van Gogh, Van Goyen. Only two of them—Picasso and Morandi—are living. Picasso is 80. Morandi 71. These two old men are exceptions that prove the rule that in the reproduction trade the best artist is a dead artist. (I am speaking now of the "serious" reproduction trade not the sort that degrades the public taste with rubbishy potboilers of anenines, pussy cats and sunny Spain.)

To this Mr. Conrad replies: "Show me the unknown artists whose work is worth reproducing and my company will consider them." I am afraid that when he says "worth" he doesn't mean the same thing as I mean when I say "worth," but I have offered to let him have a list of "worthy," little-known artists. At the time I had in mind that his firm, and firms like Medici, Fiehl, Ganymede, should reproduce the work of little-known artists. But, on reflection, I think it would be better if all art reproductions were specially taxed and the money raised given to the Arts Council—or me—to spend on artists who deserve and need help. Another and better alternative, of course, is that the public should say "We will have only originals on our walls," and then go out and find them. It isn't hard.

Very apposite to all this, I find, are the remarks made by Dr. J. Bronowski when opening the Festival of Arts which has just ended at Hampstead:

"Most people . . . never think of art as being created and experimented with. Usually, when they meet a work of art it is already a fossil from a past age. . . . Art is a living thing that is being born all the time and is going on round them all the time. Once you see art in this way you do not think of modern art as eccentric but as part of the struggle that we all have to fit into our own age and the changes in our world."



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GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Presenting an open and shut case for carrying beauty items around in made-to-measure luggage. A bunch of flowers is spread across a rough linen beauty case with brightest pink lining and white leather touches. It is smart enough to go away with and pretty enough to impress the waiter and the porter and the upstairs maid. From the Falconetto Boutique, it costs £19 15s. at Liberty. Inside it's an open and shut case too, for a scent, Snob on sale for the first time in England (3 gns. a trial bottle, 5 gns. for a quarter ounce). Ingredients include damask roses from Bulgaria, *rose de France*, blue hyacinths, oil of jasmine (picked on the third day of the flower season) and many other flower flavours. Snob takes half an hour to develop its floral, slightly sharp scent. For a shampoo that is geared to wash four types of hair—normal, dry, oily and tinted or bleached—in Revlon's delicious Aquamarine: 9s. 6d. For a transparent bag full of good things—Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass Flower Mist, hand and body lotion, dusting powder, bath oil, soap and bath cubes. Just a taste of each for 17s. 6d. For a sunning liquid fresh from France—Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Skin Tan Cristal—a golden brown jelly that brings moisture and a sunny slant to the skin. The nice thing about Skin Tan is that it feels cool and leaves the skin matt and fresh feeling. The bristle brush and comb come from a four-piece set from Harrods which costs £10.

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PHOTOGRAPH
HARRY
WARNER

AN OPEN
&
SHUT CASE

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DINING IN

My propaganda lobster

Helen Burke

BECAUSE OF MY INTEREST IN FOOD I make a point, when abroad, of ordering in a restaurant either something unknown to me—the speciality of the district, or certain fish found only in local waters—or something I know very well, just to see how other people deal with it. Following this principle on a recent visit to America, one of the first dishes I ordered in a New York restaurant was grilled or, as they called it, broiled lobster. It was very tough indeed.

Lobster in the United States, in common with their outsize shrimps, has nothing like the full flavour of ours, so it could be an excellent idea to serve lobster to visiting American friends. I do this kind of thing purely for propaganda purposes because transatlantic folk nearly always regard our food as less good than theirs. Whereas I consider that nearly all American food lacks the good flavour of ours.

E. Collier, an extremely wise man—a chef who studied his subject and experimented, even with classic dishes, in ways he thought would improve them—did not believe in grilling or broiling a lobster from

“live,” which is inhuman anyway. Referring to HOMARD GRILLÉ, in his *Guide to Modern Cookery*, he says: “For this purpose, the lobster may be taken raw, but it is better, first, to have it three-parts cooked in court bouillon.

“Now split it in two lengthwise; sprinkle it with melted butter, and set it on the grill for its cooking to be completed.

“Treated thus, the meat of the lobster does not harden as when it is grilled raw. Dish the grilled lobster on a napkin or on a drainer, after having broken the shell of the claws in order to facilitate the withdrawal of the meat, and surround with curled-leaf parsley.

“Serve a devilled Sauce Escoffier, or any other sauce suited to grilled fish, with the lobster.”

Nowadays one seldom boils one's own lobster, so do ask your fishmonger, whom you will find an accommodating person, to three-parts cook one for you, and arrange to pick it up while it is still warm.

If you do wish to boil the lobster, this is probably the best way: Stab it through the brain (where the natural “X” mark is), drop it

into boiling *bouillon* and boil it (not too hard), allowing 20 minutes for a 1½-lb. lobster. For a grilled lobster, proceed as above.

Lobsters should be at their lowest price now. For the benefit of young and enthusiastic cooks, let me give this one piece of advice: When you buy a lobster, whether raw or cooked, pick up several in succession, and judge whether or not the weight justifies the size. When in good condition, a lobster is heavy. The peculiarity about captured lobsters is that they do not eat in captivity but live off their own fat and flesh. The result is that when you take one home that has been caught a long time and cut through it, you will find a small lobster inside a large shell—a margin of empty space all around the claws and tail. And it will not have the delicious flavour expected.

For me, the best lobster is boiled and served cold with either mayonnaise or green sauce. I am afraid that the latter is not obtainable ready-to-use, but it is quite easily made at home. To make SAUCE VERT for four servings first make mayonnaise, allowing ½ pint olive oil for 3 egg yolks. I have written before that the addition of a little boiling water to mayonnaise prevents it from separating if it has to be kept, but it also tends to thin it down. So do not use it in this case as the various additions will thin it.

Put into a small pan ¼ to ½ oz.

each of the following herbs or as many of them as you can muster: Parsley, chervil, tarragon, chives, sorrel and fresh pimpernel (the last most unlikely to be found). Use the leaves only. Pour boiling water over them and boil for 2 minutes. Turn on to a sieve and pour cold water through them. Drain well, press out excess moisture, then pound in a mortar. Gradually, add to the mayonnaise as much of this *purée* as you want to colour and flavour the sauce.

For the hot lobster dish, I do not think it possible to improve on HOMARD A LA NANTUA. This one, based on the method of *Homard Thermidor*, is not the restaurant version, which would be something of a job for the home cook who might feel that the sauce was a little more than she would wish to tackle. For this reason I suggest buying 1 to 2 small cans of wonderfully good Nantua sauce, so easily obtainable, together with a tiny can of minced truffles. If you feel that the truffles are a little too much, leave them out. I would add a tablespoon of double cream to the sauce.

Split through the cooked lobster. Remove the flesh and chop it. Mix it with the sauce and truffles, if used, but reserve a little of the sauce, without truffles. Place the mixture in the lobster shells, cover with the remaining sauce and slip into the oven or under the grill to heat through and colour a little.

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MAN'S WORLD

The joys of St. James's

David Morton

JAMES THURBER'S LATEST BOOK confirms that the Battle of the Sexes is still raging, and if—which heaven forbid—I had to take refuge from the opposite sex, I think I could be quite happy in the last predominantly male stronghold in London, St. James's. This particular area, bordered by Green Park, Piccadilly, Lower Regent Street and St. James's Park, seems to contain everything needed to make life pleasant for men. It has the best hotel in the world—the Ritz—large numbers of comfortable, peaceful clubs—a Turkish bath—several splendid pubs—the many-mirrored Red Lion in Duke Street is one of the nicest in London—and some of the most interesting shops anywhere.

St. James's is the heart of club-land—an odious phrase, but after all, St. James's Street starts with the Devonshire Club, originally Crockford's, and ends with the Union Club, taking in Boodle's, White's, Brooks's, the Carlton and the Bath Club. Papworth, Wyatt and Holland, among others, have had a hand in their design, but there are ominous rumours that changes are to come; property values are soaring and there seems to be a danger that some clubs will have to build larger premises and let off part of them as offices.

But on the whole St. James's Street does not change quickly. I used to enjoy walking along Jermyn Street towards Hooper's, who displayed the coaches they once made at the first floor window; now motorcycles replace motor cars—it's become B.S.A. House. But some of the most charming shops remain in this street, changing with the times, yet respecting the history that makes them so fascinating. My own favourites, walking down from Piccadilly, are Lobb the boot-makers, with their plaque on the door—*By appointment to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Ethiopia*; Lock's the hatter, two stories and an attic squeezed between two towering buildings, but displaying shakoes and tall hats in one of the prettiest shopfronts in the street—sharing that distinction with Berry Brothers & Rudd, the wine merchants at No. 3. Pickering Place is one of those rewarding backwaters that make up some of the charm of this area. The little paved yard is overlooked by the back parlour at Berry Brothers, which is unfortunate for the directors, as the north side is less attractive than the south. Rothman's on the south corner of St. James's Street used to run a delightfully elegant horse-drawn delivery coach,

now just a model in the window.

Prunier's and Overton's supply excellent seafood; Chubb looks after security, Savory & Moore attend to one's health. One of the most useful shops in London is the Map House at the north corner of St. James's Place, who can supply a map of almost anywhere you want to go. Pall Mall houses many more clubs, as well as Hardy's who can supply all kinds of fishing tackle—there is a department for underwater enthusiasts on the lower ground floor. An ironmonger is one of the most difficult things to find in central London, but there is one in Crown Passage, which runs from Pall Mall to King Street. Christie's is in King Street, with Spinks the fine art dealers next to it, and in this street you will also find Wilton's ("Oyster Purveyor") which I think is one of the best restaurants anywhere. A little farther alone is Rigby's, the gunsmiths, and Harvey's of Bristol, with a charming display of antique bottles.

St. James's used to have its own theatre, but all that remains of it are some plaques on an office building; one has to be content with a delightful view of the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, which can be seen across St. James's Square, almost hidden by the statue of King William III. A walk up Jermyn Street to Jermyn Street is rewarding—Penhaligon's is a shop to look at; they are hairdressers, and in their window are some delightfully Edwardian bottles, with labels that are collector's pieces. "*Zizania—the new exotic*," "*Bayolea*" and "*Hammam eau de toilette*." Jermyn Street itself has some of the nicest shops in London; Paxton & Whitfield with its world-wide display of cheeses, Lechertier Barbe, the artists' colourmen, Floris the perfumers, whose *New Mown Hay* makes one of the nicest lotions possible for a new-shaven chin. The Cavendish Hotel is in this street, withdrawn, a relic of the days when comfort was more highly regarded than luxury. On the north side are the truly elegant shops—Exclusivités Hermes in the Piccadilly Arcade, Fortnum & Mason, Dunhill's and Simpsons.

I think this area has more solid masculine charm than any other in London; the ghosts of the men who coined the word "clubbable" don't seem far away, and there are still a few reminders that this area was not always so respectable, though turf commission agents have replaced the "gambling hells of St. James's." It may be a very urban district, but when in St. James's Park you could be somewhere on the Severn.

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MOTORING

A Sprite in the sun

Gordon Wilkins

THE LOGICAL WAY TO TEST A NEW sports car is to take it where the sun shines, so a few days before announcement day I was out at Eden Roc with Donald Healey having a run in the new version of the Austin Healey Sprite and also getting the feel of one of the latest Healey Sprite fibreglass speedboats.

The main features of the car have already been reviewed on this page and the photograph now reproduced gives a direct comparison with the much admired Italian Innocenti 950 on the same chassis. The Italian body excels in crispness of line; it has winding side windows, a permanently installed convertible top and much more luxurious interior trim. It also sells at a much higher price.

The Austin Healey has more room in the body, partly because its detachable sliding plastic windows in aluminium frames leave more space inside the doors, and partly because the hood can be dismantled in a few minutes and stowed away inside three neat cases in the luggage trunk. The car is much quieter, because of new silencers on the carburettors, and because a partition behind the seats now seals off the luggage trunk and prevents exhaust reverberations reaching the passengers.

The engine has more punch in the middle speed range and four extra horsepower to help the maximum speed. Closer ratios on the new gearbox cut down the awkward gap between second and third. Second now gives about 40 m.p.h. and third over 70. There is still a marked twitch of the tail on fast corners, produced by the oversteering tendency, which might have been mitigated at no great cost by a anti-roll bar, and some people will be surprised to find no disc brakes, though the drums stood up well and only faded after some deliberate abuse. But at a price only £10 above the previous model, including tax, it is sure to find many buyers to join the 48,999 who in the space of three years made the original model the world's fastest-selling sports car.

Some of my testing was done on the new Riviera motorway. The 17 miles between Fréjus and Cannes are now open for use on payment of about 3s. At present there is a speed limit of 62 m.p.h. and with all its gradients and curves it will never be a really fast road, but it unfolds new views of the rolling scrub-covered hills, and near Cannes there is an enticing glimpse of the Mediterranean coastline.

France has a more serious road-accident problem than we have.

French drivers travel faster than the British and are much less amenable to discipline. French police and gendarmerie are accordingly tougher, thrashing about blowing whistles and flourishing batons with Gallic abandon. Driving in the heavy traffic from the end of the autoroute through Cannes, Juan and Antibes I saw drivers every mile or two who had been stopped by speedcops and were being fined on the spot for speeding.

Wanting no trouble, I was creeping through a built-up area near Juan at a strict 40 kilometres an hour—with the aid of a kilometre speedometer—when I was whistled to a stop by a cop standing at the roadside and accused of doing over 60 (36 m.p.h.). This I indignantly denied, especially as he had made no attempt to check my speed at all. He had simply picked a sports car out of the line on the principle that a sports car must be travelling fast. He let me go, but to be on the safe side, I dropped my speed to 25 (about 15 m.p.h.) which was about the minimum I could keep up comfortably in top gear.

No use! In a few moments the same cop was after me, revving up his engine, blowing his whistle and demanding all my papers. I had now sinned by going too slowly! In fact, he accused me of doing 10 kilometres an hour (6 m.p.h.) which was plain ridiculous. I produced no papers, but launched an offensive with some acid comment and assured him my only desire was to leave his country as quickly as possible if he would only indicate a speed at which it might be accomplished without continual police interference. He calmed down a little, and said they didn't normally make trouble for foreign visitors but he had assumed from the French plates on the car that I was French. He seemed more at home in a slanging match than at explaining the law.

According to him, a posted limit of 40 kilometres an hour means that speeds up to 60 are tolerated. Apparently speeds much below 40 are not tolerated, but what the minimum speed is, he wouldn't say. So much for French logic. As they clearly haven't the slightest idea what speed one is doing anyway, their rather hysterical approach to the traffic problem becomes a bore. However, a couple of weeks from now the idea of achieving even 40 kilometres an hour on that opulent and overcrowded coast, where yachts are parked in rows like bicycles and apartment blocks spring up like mushrooms, will seem like a Utopian dream.



The new Riviera motorway. Below: toll gates



Austin Healey Sprite Mk II (right), & Innocenti 950 on same chassis





HARLIP

Miss Zara Mary Heber-Percy to Mr. Gavin Nicholas Tait. *She* is the daughter of the late Brig. A. G. W. Heber-Percy, D.S.O., and of Lady Poole, of Croxley Green, Herts. *He* is the son of Mr. Gordon Tait, and Mrs. Patricia Richardson of Kinnerton Yard, S.W.1



JOHN COWAN

Miss Anthea Lindo to Mr. Thomas Carr Powell. *She* is the daughter of Mr. Paul Lindo of Windlesham, Surrey, and Mrs. Bates-Oldham, of Wanley House, Eastergate, Sussex. *He* is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Powell, of Manor House, Bosham, Sussex

ENGAGEMENTS

WEDDINGS



Seager—Stuttaford: Margaret, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Seager, of Oakhill Road, Sevenoaks, was married to Capt. John Stuttaford, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. Stuttaford, of Filsham Valley, St. Leonards, at St. Mary's, Kippington, Sevenoaks



E. G. MALINDINE



Bower—Cox: Mary Francis, daughter of Cdr. Robert and the Hon. Mrs. Bower, of Oakhill Road, Putney, was married to Ian Douglas George, son of Mr. Douglas L. Cox, of Chesil Court, S.W.3, and the late Mrs. Adela Cox, at St. Mary's, Cadogan St.

Hinge—Gammie: Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Norman Hinge, of Coleshall, Iwade, Sittingbourne, Kent, was married to Anthony, son of Mr. & Mrs. John Gammie, of Bolton Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5, at St. Bartholomew's Church, Rabbing, Kent

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. D. B. Campion and Miss V. B. Wild

The engagement is announced between David Bardsley (Barry), eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Campion, 30 Oxford Road, Birkdale, Southport and Trearddur Bay, Anglesey, and Victoria Brenda, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hibbert Wild, 4 Westbourne Road, Birkdale, Southport.

Mr. I. O. T. Kennedy and Miss J. E. A. McOnegal

The engagement is announced between Ian, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Kennedy, of Covencot, Thorpe Bay, Essex, and Judith, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. McOnegal, of Little Silver, Leatherhead, Surrey.

The Rev. P. A. Blair and and Miss G. M. Clarke

The engagement is announced between Patrick Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Blair, of The Watermill, Hildersham, Cambridge, and Gillian Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Clarke, of The Manor, Blewbury, Berkshire.

Mr. I. M. Barling and Miss T. M. D. Baker

The engagement is announced between Ivan, son of Dr. I. T. Barling and Mrs. Barling, J.P., of Alston Ashburton, and Tessa, daughter of the late Mr. W. F. Baker and Mrs. E. M. M. Baker, of Elm Grove, Newton Abbot.

Mr. C. E. Cole and Miss A. L. Hardy

The engagement is announced between Christopher Edward, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Cole, of Park Way, Shenfield, Essex, and Anne Lydia, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hardy, of Hutton Road, Shenfield, Essex.

Mr. A. M. Irving and Miss R. I. O. Emslie

The engagement is announced between Antony Milne, son of the late Mr. M. M. Irving and Mrs. S. Fraser, Etal House, Stocksfield, Northumberland, and Rosemary Isabel Oclanis, daughter of the late Major J. W. Emslie and Mrs. K. O. Emslie, 25 Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh.

Mr. M. G. Downey and Miss A. Wingad

The engagement is announced between Michael Gerard, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Downey, Moor Lodge, Branston, and Angela, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wingad, of The Birches, Woodhall Spa.

Capt. D. A. G. Edelsten and Miss G. P. Wild

The engagement is announced between Capt. David Alan Gould Edelsten, 13th/18th Royal Hussars (Queen Mary's Own), son of Dr. and Mrs. Alan Edelsten, of The Old Rectory, Glanville Wootton, Dorset, and Gillian Penelope, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wild, of Raenstor Close, Youghal, Derbyshire.

Mr. C. R. Glyn and Miss C. J. Hunter

The engagement is announced between Christopher Richard, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Glyn, of Attington Stud, Tetsworth, Oxfordshire, and Carolyn Jane, younger daughter of Mr. Antony N. Hunter, of 24 Victoria Road, London, W.8, and Mrs. Andrew Lusk, of 85 Albion Gate, London, W.2.

Mr. R. H. Stone and Miss J. A. Hardie

The engagement is announced between Reginald Herbert, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Stone, of Holtspur, Beaconsfield, Bucks., and Judith Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Hardie, of Borrowby, Thirsk, Yorks.

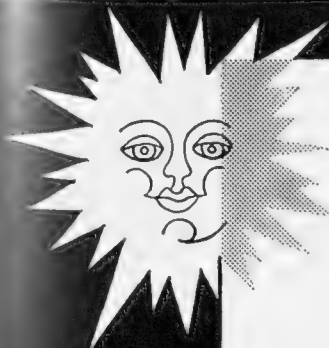
Mr. D. M. Stewart and Miss W. A. Goddard

The engagement is announced between Derek Macartney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, of Southern Pines, Horam, Sussex, and Wendy Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Loydell Goddard, of 12 Luxborough House, W.1.

Mr. I. E. A. Barclay and Miss C. G. Landells

The engagement is announced between Ian Eric Anthony, son of Major and Mrs. M. E. Barclay, of Gabriel's Manor, Edenbridge, Kent, and Carolyn Grace, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Landells, of 1 St. Mary's Road, Wimbledon.

The rate for announcements of forthcoming marriages is one guinea a line. See page 678 for details



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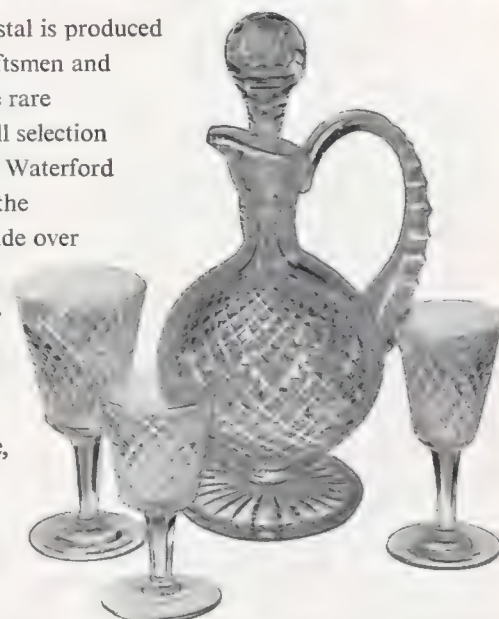
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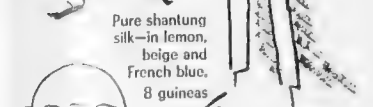
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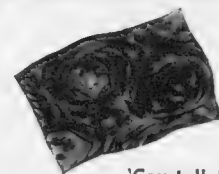
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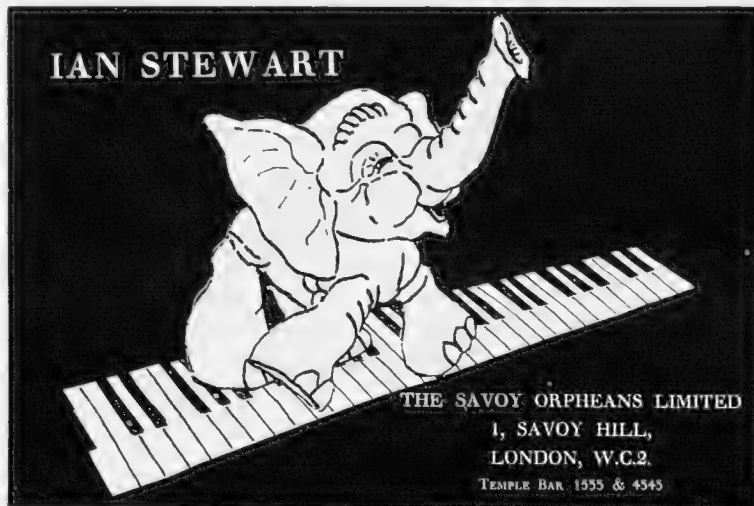
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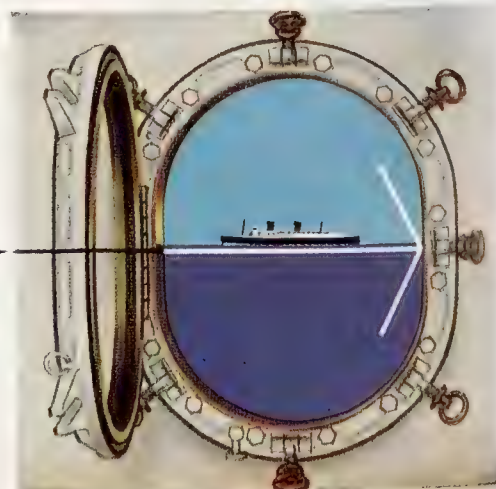
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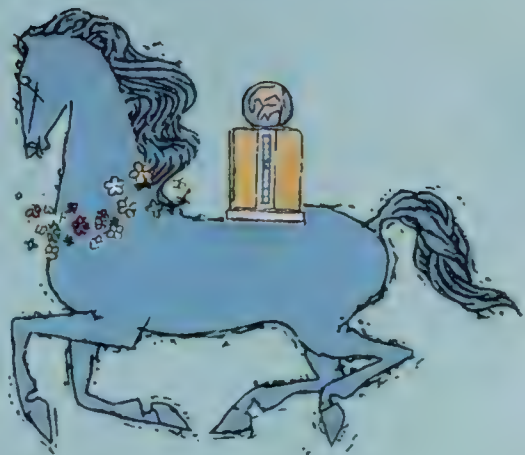


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1



2



3



4

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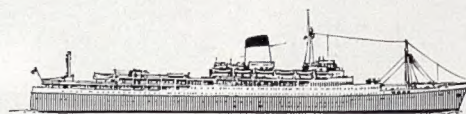
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